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SPECIAL REPORT

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Vicki Martell
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LETTERS

Oil Diplomacy

Sir / I hold no brief for either the Arabs or Israel. Certainly there is merit in the case on both sides. I speak only as an American citizen.

We have come to a strange and threatening state of affairs. A feudal King of a desert kingdom of a few million people—a kingdom whose vast oil resources have been developed by American money and technical knowledge—is blackmailing our country.

It is not just a matter of oil, it is not just a matter of economics, strong as these reasons may be. It is a question of national integrity and honor, or are those dead?

JACQUES A. LAUS
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir / The Arab nations have been quick to realize the power of their oil weapon. They have been successful in exploiting the situation. I am sure no one is more surprised than the Arab nations themselves, who have delightedly realized how vulnerable European countries are. The eyes of the world are now on America, waiting to see how America conducts itself through the oil crisis. I only hope it will be courageous enough not to forsake its conscience for worldly comforts and succumb to Arab pressure.

KALYAN BASU
Calcutta, India

Sir / You made two damaging allegations: first, that the Arabs hoped to pressure the industrial nations into forcing Israel to make peace on terms favorable to the Arabs; second, that Egypt and Syria invaded Israel in October.

The truth is that the Arabs want a just solution. This is certainly quite different from what is implied by the word favorable. On the other hand, it is equally true that neither Egypt nor Syria (nor in fact any Arab country) invaded Israel. The war was fought on and for Egypt and Syrian territories occupied for a long time by Israel.

J. B. ARDALA L.A.
Liverpool, England

Energy Options

Sir / Reduction of environmental standards, which are even now abysmally low, is a betrayal of the future for the sake of a luxurious present. Our hope does not lie in more oil, more coal, or more nuclear power plants, any more than our transportation crisis calls for bigger freeways. These are the solutions of shortsighted men, and the pollution resulting from these solutions will be disastrous. Unlimited energy will not help us if we cannot breathe the air or drink the water.

L.G. DORR JR.
San Francisco

Sir / If it had not been for the narrow-minded and cantankerous behavior of the environmental fanatics, this country would be in much better shape.

For five years they have been able to delay the building of the Alaska pipeline. Their arguments were that it would interfere with the sex habits of reindeer, damage the permafrost, pose a hazard because of the danger of earthquakes and, finally, that there might be oil spillage.

Similar arguments are being used to halt offshore oil drilling, including that the sight of a rig might not be aesthetically pleasing.

While I can of course understand rea-

sonable objections to avoidable pollution, the domineering attitude of the environmentalists has been counterproductive.

FRED S. POLI
Upper Darby, Pa.

Sir / Here is an idea for saving fuel which is not likely to be mentioned but which I offer in all seriousness.

Close all churches during winter months. There are over 200 churches in my own county alone. We are told that no one will have to be cold in his own home this winter. Why not revert to the practice of pioneer days when devout people worshiped in each other's homes? This might well be a better way of saving fuel than disrupting school systems or laying off thousands of employees in so-called "dispensable" industries, as has been suggested.

DOROTHY CONNER
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir / I wonder how many people are turning up the heat on their electric blankets to compensate for the cooler bedrooms advocated by energy conservationists.

R.D. HAIRE
Reno

Sir / I would like Santa to know that this year I would appreciate a stocking full of coal.

VANCE BURNHAM
Newburyport, Mass.

Operation Candor

Sir / Nixon has launched "Operation Candor" [Dec. 3]—a campaign-style offense which gives the pro-Nixon rooters something, once again, to cheer (or write letters) about. However, if from the beginning of the Watergate investigations, Nixon had been honest and frank with America, he would not need the "strategies" he still relies on today.

A man of true candor wouldn't need a strategy of candor.

DONALD GERRING
San Francisco

Sir / President Nixon reassured my trust and admiration in him through his most recent appearance on television. He reminds me of the little but powerful nation of Israel. His enemies continually try to destroy him through unjust attacks; yet the President finds strength to overcome the odds.

MARK R. LEVIN
Elkins Park, Pa.

Sir / President Nixon has been courting the Republican Congressmen, meeting with them to try to give his version of his Watergate troubles—the same men who would be his jury in an impeachment trial. If the average Joe Citizen did the same thing, he would be imprisoned for tampering with the jury.

SANDY MCBEE
Corryton, Tenn.

Press and President

Sir / As I read the letters [Nov. 26] in response to your editorial, what dismayed me was not some people's unflagging support for Nixon. That was to be expected. What sickened me was their demands that a magazine that dares to attack the President close down. Nowhere does the Constitution limit free speech to politicians and political candidates. Dissent is what freedom of the press

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20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT '73

LETTERS

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is all about. Those who want nothing but a docile, uncomplaining, unquestioning press might just as well live under Communism.

MIRIAM WEISS
New York City

Sir / May I thank all who wrote letters so neatly slapping TIME for its continued harassment of President Nixon. Perhaps more such letters will remind its editors that there are still a lot of Americans who think objectively and admire fair play.

H. DEAN CRAWFORD
Benson, Ariz.

Public Servant Peter

Sir / Your story on Peter Falk [Nov. 26] brought back memories of the days we served together in the Connecticut budget division. Peter reporting to work on a bitter winter morning with his pajama top on beneath his overcoat (he had been studying his lines until the wee hours of the morning). Peter gamely trying to develop an interest in computer systems.

If he had stayed he could have become a superb public servant. On second thought, he is a superb public servant now.

PAUL T. VEILLETTE
Chief Budget Examiner
State of New York
Albany

Sir / In *Columbo* crimes are solved, but one is also committed: the waste of Peter Falk's great talent on such an insane project.

JAMES IRONS
Hollywood

Hand or Mouth

Sir / The plight of the Roman Catholic Church with its exodus of priests and communicants points up a problem which is not

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unique to the Catholic Church, but one it shares with other churches in which there is often too much concern with dogma and ritual rather than with the higher aims and values of practically all religions.

I am referring, of course, to the "spirited debate" by U.S. Roman Catholic bishops over whether to place the Communion wafer in the hand or on the tongue of the communicant [Nov. 26]. Could not this kind of petty concern help explain the exodus of the faithful from their respective churches?

STANLEY J. RICE
Hanson, Mass.

Tolerance Therapy?

Sir / I am appalled at the insensitive approach Psychiatrist Richard Green uses to "change" the feminine characteristics of the young boys in his program as reported in "Girly Boys" [Nov. 26]. It seems that schoolmates who "taunt" and parents who "reject" are the ones who require therapy.

What these boys need is understanding and tolerance of the way they behave rather than a *Clockwork Orange* behavioral alteration.

J.T. ANDERSON
North Las Vegas, Nev.

Man of the Year

Sir / The Man of the Year: Frank Wills, the security agent at Watergate. Even though he discovered the Watergate break-in in 1972, what he did has affected our nation more in 1973 than any other act performed in either 1972 or 1973.

J. THOBURN LEGG
Sharon, Conn.

Sir / For Man of the Year I propose George McGovern, whose candor, integrity and decency can now be seen in contrast to the sinister and deceiving man who defeated him in 1972.

MICHAEL J. FINE
New York City

Sir / Richard Nixon has provided TIME with the inevitable choice for Man of the Year: the honored group of 200 Americans revealed in the Watergate hearings to be on Nixon's list of political enemies.

THOMAS H. CRAWFORD
San Francisco

Sir / For Man of the Year, Saudi Arabia's King Faisal—the Prince of Darkness.

RUTH KUPER
Johannesburg, South Africa

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Q. What is Grecian Formula 16?

A. Grecian Formula 16 is a practically clear liquid. It's as easy to use as hair tonic. No mess. All you do is squeeze a few drops into your hair and comb. It's that simple. No complicated instructions, no mess. Takes only a few seconds.

Time-lapse photographs show actual results.



1st day

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12th day

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Q. How long does it take to work?

A. Use it every day for two or three weeks until you slowly get rid of just as much gray as you want. Some of it, most of it, or all of it. Grecian Formula 16 works gradually day by day, so there's no embarrassing sudden change. You are always in complete control of how much gray goes or stays.



It's as easy to use as water.

Q. When I get rid of as much gray as I want, then what?

A. Simply stop using Grecian Formula 16 daily, then use it only once a week or so to keep your hair just the way you want it.

Q. Will my hair really look natural?

A. Grecian Formula 16 will make your hair look completely natural, with shadings and highlights blending together perfectly. Your hair will definitely not have that solid dyed look.

Q. Can I use Grecian Formula 16 and still leave some gray around the sides?

A. That's exactly what a lot of men are doing. Just don't apply Grecian Formula where you want to keep some gray.

Q. What happens if I use Grecian Formula 16 over a long period of time? Will it damage my hair?

A. No. It is very mild. Actually adds body to your hair, making it more manageable and healthier looking.

Q. What about swimming and showering?

A. Swim and shower all you want. Grecian Formula 16 won't wash out. It won't rub off on your pillow either.

Q. What if after a while I want to be gray again? Say a few years from now.

A. No problem. Simply stop applying Grecian Formula 16 and the gray will gradually and evenly come back again.

Q. Will she like it?

A. Your hair will look perfectly natural, you'll look much better, and she'll love it.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Dec. 17, 1973 Vol. 102, No. 25

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Washington Turnover

Never before the Nixon Administration have so many public servants served so brief a time in office. Of the top White House aides, only three have stayed on the job without a break: Henry Kissinger, Patrick Buchanan, Ronald Ziegler. Of the original Cabinet, only George Shultz remains, and he has shifted from Labor to Treasury. Nixon now holds the record for Cabinet appointments: 31 in five years; a close competitor is Franklin D. Roosevelt, who appointed 25, but then F.D.R. served more than three terms.

Among the departments and agencies with the greatest turnover under Nixon:

JUSTICE. John Mitchell to Richard Kleindienst to Elliot Richardson to Robert Bork (acting) to William Saxbe (hopefully).

DEFENSE. Melvin Laird to Richardson to James Schlesinger.

HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE. Robert Mayo to George Shultz to Weinberger to Roy Ash.

CIA. Richard Helms to Schlesinger to Vernon Walters (acting) to William Colby.

FBI. J. Edgar Hoover to L. Patrick Gray (acting) to William Ruckelshaus (acting) to Clarence Kelley.

OFFICE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY Donald Rumsfeld to Frank Carlucci to Phillip Sanchez to Alvin Arnett.

Amidst all this, grace under pressure has been in short supply. After being ungraciously dumped as energy adviser (the third to be appointed), former Colorado Governor John Love said last week that he felt "battered and bruised." Richardson must have felt much the same way when he was forced to resign. By serving in three different Cabinet posts, Richardson incidentally matched another record: George Cortevel, appointed by Theodore Roosevelt, was the only other man to hold three Cabinet positions—Treasury, Postmaster General, and Commerce and Labor—under one U.S. President.

Boston, Plym., and Boise, Bitt.

By the reckoning of G. Etzel Pearcy, recently retired from his post of professor of geography at California State University, Los Angeles, the total cost of operating all 50 state governments in the U.S. amounts to some \$18 billion annually. That figure disturbs him, and he has proposed a simple solution: reduce the number of states. Since in his view the nation has 38 conveniently defined areas, Pearcy says that the ideal number of states would be 38. He estimates that the savings in state salaries, building maintenance, capital outlays and such would amount to \$4.6 billion.

Pearcy has drawn up a map of the 38 states, which he has given poetically

FLAG DESIGN © SMITHSONIAN 1973

apt new names and boundaries that cut across existing state lines. The new state of Bitterroot, for instance, named for a local mountain range, takes in most of Idaho, slices of Oregon, Montana, Washington and northwest Wyoming. Cochise unites major portions of Arizona and New Mexico. Plymouth embraces the city of Boston, the eastern portion of Massachusetts, and part of New Hampshire. New York City and environs would become the state of Hudson, and Alamo on the map is basically Texas without the panhandle. Under these circumstances, perhaps Old Glory could use some revitalizing, too, and Whitney Smith of the Flag Research Center in Winchester, Mass., has come up with a striking new design for a national banner.

What would be the political consequences of the new arrangement? Pearcy sees virtually no change in the way Congressmen would be elected to the House of Representatives, but he envisions each new state having not two but three U.S. Senators. He does not suggest how they should be identified. Perhaps senior, junior and sophomore? Of course, Pearcy acknowledges that under his plan there would be fewer Governors. But, says he, "I know of several Governors we could do without."

Conversion

Of all the Watergate cast, few had a reputation for being tougher, wavier, nastier or more tenaciously loyal to Richard Nixon than one-time Presidential Adviser Charles W. Colson. The former Marine captain is alleged by Jeb Stuart Magruder to have urged the original Watergate bugging and has been implicated in a host of other dirty tricks, including the forgery of a State Department cable. At the peak of his influence, he proudly boasted that his commitment to the re-election of the President was such that "I would walk over my grandmother if necessary."

At a White House staff prayer breakfast last week, Colson, 42, revealed a new aspect. He said that he has "come to know Christ." Episcopalian Colson admitted that until recently he had been a regular, but hardly committed churchgoer. But he said that since his departure from the White House he has had "some occasion" to think about religion and "pray with other committed people." Suspecting that his newfound faith may go down hard with some, Tough Guy Colson had a forthright response for scoffers. Said he: "If anyone wants to be cynical about it, I'll pray for him."

TOWARD A NEW UNION





FORD TAKING OATH AS VICE PRESIDENT FROM CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN BURGER AS WIFE BETTY HOLDS BIBLE & NIXON LOOKS ON*

THE VICE PRESIDENCY / COVER STORY

The Veep Most Likely to Succeed?

As usual, Jerry Ford bounced into the day at 6 a.m., rising after only 5½ hours of sleep. He skimmed the Washington Post—"I turn to the sports pages first"—and then he spent 20 minutes speed-reading a copy of the detailed daily news digest that is prepared for President Nixon. By 8 a.m., along with other House chieftains, Minority Leader Ford was at the State Department for a 90-minute breakfast briefing by Secretary Henry Kissinger, whom Ford deeply respects. Then he settled down to spend a large part of this momentous day with wife Betty and their four children, who were home for much more than the holidays. They were soon to become the nation's second family. Gerald Rudolph Ford, 60, was getting ready to be sworn in as the 40th Vice President of the U.S.

For the nation, Ford's investiture meant more than simply having a Veep once again. In the light of Richard Nixon's traumatized presidency, Ford would become a distinctly thinkable successor. This in turn rendered the prospect of resignation or impeachment less frightening to many people.

From far and near, mostly from his home state of Michigan, came 25 relatives—stepbrothers, in-laws, nephews and nieces. They gathered for a private luncheon in a House dining room, together with some longtime neighbors of the Fords and Mrs. Clara Powell, the family's maid for 20 years, now retired.

Ford ran out of tickets for the late afternoon inaugural ceremonies and had to appeal to House Doorkeeper William M. ("Fishbait") Miller for extras. Betty Ford consulted Son Michael, 23, a student at Massachusetts' Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary, about the Jerusalem Bible that he had bought especially for the inaugural. Where should it be opened when she held it during the swearing-in? They agreed on the 20th Psalm ("May Yahweh [God] answer you in time of trouble; may the name of the God of Jacob 'protect you'"). Said Mrs. Ford: "I hope my hand doesn't shake."

Plain Man. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil before the ceremony, the Vice President-designate previewed the speech that he would deliver a few hours later. As he rehearsed his farewell to the House that has been his home for 25 years ("May God bless the House of Representatives"), tears began welling in Ford's eyes, and during the tribute to his wife and children the words came haltingly, only two or three at a time. "Ford is an emotional man," reports MacNeil. "He is a plain man who loves his family, loves his friends, loves the House. Reading the words he knew he would speak to the Congress and the country, in the singular role he knew he now was in, Ford was simply overcome."

Ford regained his composure and

wore a triumphant grin by the time he entered the House chamber, which was jammed with the biggest crowd in the memory of seasoned Congress watchers. He was accompanied by Richard Nixon, who entered smiling but later appeared tense. As the two reached the podium, Ford stepped forward alone to acknowledge the applause, and suddenly it grew into a cheering ovation. This was clearly Ford's day.

The new Vice President pledged to

*Behind them: House Speaker Carl Albert and Speaker Pro Tem of the Senate James Eastland.



KISSING BETTY AS NEW NO. 2

"The very best I can."

THE NATION

"set a high example of respect for the crushing and lonely burdens which the nation lays upon the President." He spoke of a "visible and living unity" in the nation and promised "to do the very best that I can for America." For a nation that has become all too used to hearing bitterness from its politicians, there was a simple eloquence in his words and a deeply felt one in his delivery. Daughter Susan, 16, was moved to tears.

Despite Ford's small and forgivable joke that he is "a Ford, not a Lincoln," his inauguration may well come to be both greatly noted and long remembered. It was a constitutional first: though the office of Vice President has been vacant 16 times before, it has never been filled in the middle of an Administration. Ford's ascension was made possible by the 25th Amendment, passed in 1967, which authorizes the President to fill vacancies in the office of the Vice President, subject to confirmation of his nominee by a majority vote in both houses of Congress. Ford was approved easily, winning by a vote of 92 to 3 in the Senate and 387 to 35 in the House.

Grueling Round. Most important, Ford's swearing-in moved the plight of the Nixon presidency into yet another phase. Now, for the first time since the Watergate monster took shape eight months ago, there is a potential presidential successor who, under the circumstances, is both politically acceptable to most Democrats and politically legitimate in the eyes of Republicans. After Spiro Agnew's downfall, the next in line to the presidency was Speaker of the House Carl Albert, a Democrat. Had he been called on to succeed Nixon, Albert could never have lived down the suspicion that his party had stolen the White House from its rightful Republican occupants.

Ford's chances for succession seemed remote at the time that he was nominated by Nixon in mid-October. Less than ten days later, however, after the Saturday Night Massacre of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, Attorney General Elliot Richardson and his deputy William Ruckelshaus, Washington heard an unprecedented chorus demanding Nixon's impeachment. Many Congressmen began to believe that Ford might well have to perform a Vice President's only important function: to take over for a departed President.

Congressional Democrats, who had been toying with the idea of holding Ford's confirmation hostage until Nixon released all presidential tapes containing Watergate evidence, quickly backtracked. Albert made it clear that he did not want to take the place of a Republican President in whose impeachment he might be involved, and that Ford must be quickly confirmed.

Ford faced a grueling round of inquiries that made him the most closely scrutinized public official in the U.S. With his complete cooperation, 350 FBI agents from 33 field offices dug into his finances, his friendships, his correspondence—none of which produced any evidence of misconduct. At his confirmation hearings, Witness Ford came across as a banal speaker, but he also impressed his questioners with his openness, candor and competence in the glare of sudden attention. More, he did not hesitate to differ with Nixon's approach on several important matters. He urged the White House to produce all documents that would be necessary to clear the President. When asked what he would do if, like Prosecutor Cox, he had been ordered to submit to a "compromise" that would cut off further Watergate investigation, Ford replied: "I would prob-

ably do the same." That is, he would refuse the President's order. All in all, the ordeal of digging and grilling enhanced Ford's standing with the Congress and with the nation—in obvious contrast to the fate of his new boss.

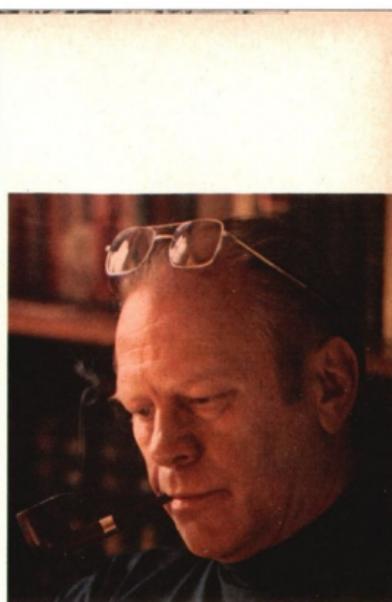
On the day of his inaugural and the day after, the stock market's recently leaden Dow Jones industrial average shot up almost 50 points, its largest two-day gain ever; Wall Street analysts attributed part of it to a boost in political confidence caused by Ford's swearing-in. In Washington, an AFL-CIO lobbyist said that Ford's arrival was "our go-ahead" for a broadened labor push for impeachment. In addition, the two dailies owned by Chicago's Field Enterprises chose Ford's inauguration day as the occasion to urge in editorials the "vigorous pursuit" of impeachment proceedings against Nixon. Said the *Sun-Times*: "Nixon sought and won a mandate from the American voters and he has debauched it ... The President's culpability seems to us to be beyond question."

Watergate Panic. Under Chairman Peter W. Rodino Jr., the House Judiciary Committee holds its second meeting this week on the impeachment inquiry. The Constitution requires that the process begin in the House, precisely where Ford is liked and trusted most. Moreover, since any Congressman who is seeking re-election must face the voters in less than eleven months, the House is also where political panic over Watergate is first being sensed. House Republicans are worried that Nixon's troubles will wipe them out at the polls next year. After a secret survey, G.O.P. strategists calculated that the party may lose as many as 75 of the 191 House seats that it now holds. In the Senate, they found, Nixon's failure to resolve Watergate problems may cost Republicans six



CELEBRATING IN WASHINGTON AFTER INAUGURATION

WITH NIXON, ARENDTS & LAIRD
AT REPUBLICAN BASH IN 1969



Vice President Gerald Ford and his wife Elizabeth. At left, strolling near their home in Alexandria, Va.

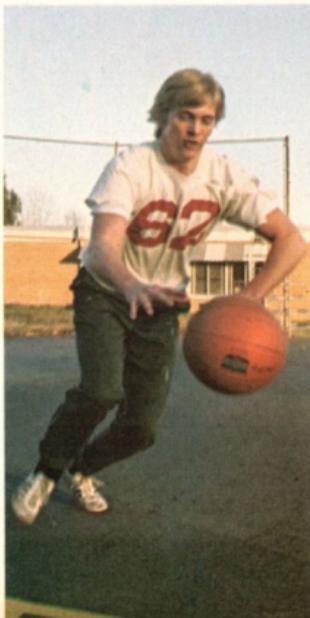
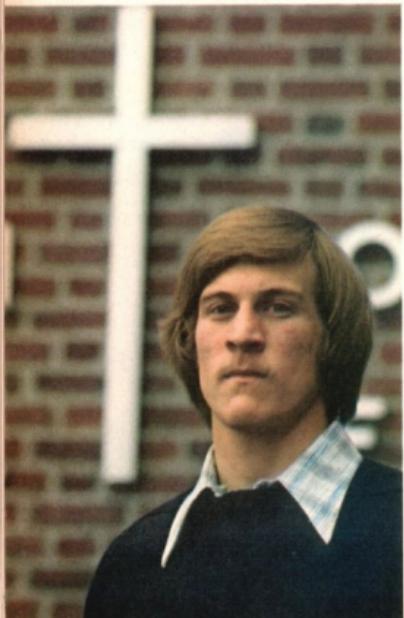


PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID HUME KENNEDY



Susan Ford, 16, exercising at ballet bar in school and playing with pet kitten at home.

Ford sons Michael, 23, at a seminary in Massachusetts; Steven, 17, on court; and John, 21, skiing at Sun Valley.



THE NATION

of their 43 seats, those of Kansas' Robert Dole, Colorado's Peter H. Dominick, Kentucky's Marlow W. Cook, Utah's Wallace F. Bennett, North Dakota's Milton R. Young and Florida's Edward F. Gurney (who has scandal problems of his own as well).

New York's liberal Republican Senator Jacob Javits, who is up for re-election next year, predicted that the question of Nixon's resignation "will probably come to the front" now that a logical successor is at hand. More surprising, conservative Ohio Congressman John M. Ashbrook declared bluntly: "I have found an increasing number of people, party loyalists, who believe the only hope for the Republican Party and the country is his resignation."

A majority of Republicans still reject that notion, for the record. Republican National Chairman George Bush, who reportedly abandoned plans to run for Governor of Texas next year because of Watergate, nonetheless maintains that Ford's presence has not altered the presidential picture. "I think there's a craving in this country for stability," he says. "I don't see Ford's confirmation as breaking some sort of psychological barrier. What I do see is that Congress is going home for Christmas, and if the President's approach—setting out the disclosure documents, moving around—is successful, then it will be reflected in Congress." If it is not successful—and Operation Candor so far has hardly been a ringing victory—then that will be reflected in Congress's mood as it heads into the new year.

Awesome Alternative. The Administration was still claiming that it does not take seriously any thought of impeachment. "Sure, the Republican guys are nervous," says a top Nixon aide. "There's no doubt that they are looking with less disfavor on that awesome alternative [impeachment]. But you can't just say, 'We're going to take a bath in November, so we've got to have impeachment.' You've still got to have some hard evidence of criminal involvement." In fact, there is no such requirement; most constitutional scholars believe that officeholders are impeachable for ethical as well as criminal lapses.

Illinois Congressman Tom Railsback, a Republican member of the House Judiciary Committee, predicts that Democrats rather than Republicans will push hardest for impeachment, now that they have helped to assure continuity in the Administration by approving a Republican Vice President. Railsback's odds that the President will eventually face the impeachment procedure: fifty-fifty. However, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield reports that his colleagues "aren't putting any pressure on me" to press for an oust-Nixon drive. Some anti-Nixon Republicans surmise that the Democratic leadership may decide that the President has been so seriously wounded that the party could profit most by keeping him in office and trying to engineer an anti-



FORD CHILDREN, PAT NIXON, AIDES HAIG & WILLIAM TIMMONS AT INAUGURATION

Life with a "Perfect" Father

Since President Nixon nominated Gerald R. Ford to be Vice President, the Ford family has made two important decisions. One was not to move out of the four-bedroom house in Alexandria, Va., that they built 18 years ago and is now worth about \$65,000. The other was to keep an unbroken 16-year family tradition of getting together at their condominium in Vail, Colo., for two weeks of skiing over Christmas. "Ours has been a very close family life," explains Betty Ford, "but that's about the only time all of us can get together these days."

During Ford's 25 years in politics, much of the burden of raising that family—Michael, 23, John, 21, Steven, 17, and Susan, 16—has fallen on Betty. Ford averaged 200 out-of-town speeches a year and often had to work late at the Capitol. Fortunately for the family, his wife prefers her children and community activities to politicking. She has served as a Cub Scout den mother, a Sunday school teacher and head of the local cancer fund drive. One year she had children in three different schools and made a point of attending meetings of all three Parent-Teacher associations.

Slim (size 10) and blonde, the soft-spoken Mrs. Ford, 55, was raised in Grand Rapids. Before her marriage in 1948, she was a Powers model in New York City and a dancer with the Martha Graham troupe. Her favorite hobby is growing flowers and vegetables. As the nation's Second Lady, she hopes "to do something for the arts."

The Ford children's lives demonstrate that they are individuals. Reared in his family's Episcopal faith, Michael became deeply interested in theology as an undergraduate at Wake Forest College, a Baptist school in North Carolina. Now he is a first-year student at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary in South Hamilton, Mass., though he does not plan to become a minister. After class, he works with "Young Life," an evangelical organization for teenagers.

Jack, the middle brother, is the only Ford child who has shown any political bent. In 1972, he skipped a semester at Utah State University, where he is now

a junior, to work on college campuses for Nixon's re-election. But his principal interest is forestry, and he hopes to go either to graduate school in watershed management or to law school, where he would specialize in environmental problems. Last summer, he spent six weeks with the Forest Service, fighting forest fires in Idaho and California.

Steve, a senior at a public high school in Alexandria, recently bought a motorcycle out of the money he earned as an elevator operator in the Senate last summer. He jogs, shoots baskets at a nearby school, and lifts weights in his family's paneled recreation room.

Susan, a boarding student at Holton-Arms School in Bethesda, Md., has followed in her mother's jets. She has studied modern dance since the age of eight, and is now taking ballet lessons as well. She tends 25 plants in her room, loves to do needle point, and dotes on her Siamese cat, Chan. All four children feel unusually close to their father. Explains Jack: "He never tried to mold us or direct us. He allowed us room to explore for ourselves, to find ourselves." Exclaims Susan: "He's the perfect father."

At night, Ford usually brings work home and goes through it while glancing up at TV (favorite programs: *Canon, McMillan and Wife*). Only rarely do the Fords entertain at home or go out to eat. When they do, they usually eat seafood at Washington's Jockey Club or Sea Catch Restaurant. A dedicated weight watcher, Ford swims in his heated pool twice daily from March to November. Frequently he skips lunch, or has a dish of cottage cheese with ketchup in his office. He weighs 201 lbs., just four more than during his football days at the University of Michigan, but admits that his weight has "shifted" a bit.

Since his nomination, the family lifestyle has scarcely changed. The Fords now have five telephones, including a direct line to the White House, and are remodeling the garage to accommodate the Vice President's Secret Service guards. At Utah State, John shaved his beard, partly because of letters from people who thought a Vice President's son should not have one.



RHODES & AREND'S AT CAPITOL
Even the Strangler could win.

Administration election sweep in 1974 and 1976. In House debate, Maryland Democrat Clarence D. Long taunted Republicans: "If you keep the present incumbent in for three more years, the Democrats could win with the Boston Strangler."

Even the G.O.P.'s optimists admit that all pretense of recovery will be lost if any further time bombs are ticking away in the Watergate investigation. Still shocked by the Cox firing and the 18-minute gap in a Watergate tape, Republicans have grown wary indeed. "If it ever bottoms out, we might be all right," says Kansas' Dole. "But the coconuts keep dropping. You have to wear a steel helmet around here."

For his part, Ford left a post-inaugural conference with Nixon brimming with loyalty. "I can assure you that the President has no intention of resigning," he told newsmen at the White House. "When all of the facts are out, he did assure me that he will be completely exonerated." Ford continued: "If I were a member of the House of Representatives and the President indicated he was coming to my district, I'd be darned glad to have him." Ford was putting up a brave front on that score, in accordance with his political rule: "You don't tackle your own quarterback."

Such spirited support, of course, is a major reason why Ford was picked by the President for his new job. The two men have known each other since both arrived in Washington as freshman members of the House in the late '40s. Ford has said: "For whatever reason, Nixon and I have never seriously disagreed on any vital, substantive issue."

Their closeness in viewpoint may partly result from broadly similar backgrounds. Raised in Grand Rapids by his mother and stepfather, who adopted him, Ford went to the University of Michigan and was a football star. After graduating from Yale Law School and serving in the Navy during World War

II, Ford entered politics, defeating the isolationist incumbent, Bartel J. Jonkman, in the 1948 Republican congressional primary and went on to win in November with 60.5% of the vote. He has always been re-elected by more than that margin, thanks to efficient help and his own personal attention to the home-town electorate, which still amazes local Democrats. Says Grand Rapids Democratic Co-Chairman A. Robert Kleiner: "If anybody's grandmother in Poland is having trouble getting a U.S. visa, Jerry's right there."

Ford describes his views as generally "conservative in fiscal affairs, moderate in domestic affairs and internationalist in foreign affairs." His detractors argue that those labels cloak an essentially conservative outlook in all affairs; yet Ford's views on most issues have not been entirely predictable. He has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Peace Corps and foreign economic aid, for example, as well as an ardent cold warrior and backer of the Johnson-Nixon-Viet Nam policy. On domestic issues, he would like to see a constitutional amendment permitting school prayer and a legal ban on abortions. He has also supported federal aid to higher education and welfare reform.

At confirmation hearings, Ford was criticized most harshly for his civil rights record, seemingly an odd rebuke since he has voted in favor of every major civil rights bill since 1949. His critics complain, however, that the final yes votes shield a far murkier record of support for amendments and other Southern-supported obstructions that were intended to cripple the purpose of the original legislation. Ford maintains that his preliminary voting record reflects both his attempts to conciliate between party factions and his own instincts against "moving too fast." Ford carefully pledged in his inaugural remarks to support "equal justice for all Americans."

In Training. Nixon reportedly wants Ford to become director of the Domestic Council, a post now held by Melvin Laird, who intends to leave. The word in Washington is that Laird is decamping because the President rarely heeds his advice. Ford is eager to take on responsibility; yet he is deeply disturbed by the prospect of losing Laird, one of the few White House aides with excellent connections in the Republican Party and on Capitol Hill. Speaking of Laird and Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow, another political veteran who plans to resign, Ford says: "I hope that they don't leave too soon. We need them badly."

The job Ford is clearly best qualified to take on is that of White House liaison officer with Congress. As a parting gift, Speaker Albert offered him the continued use of one of his offices in the House. Moreover, as Ford points out, he is not starting cold with the members of the Senate. "I've served with 34 Senators when they were in the House," he says. Now that Ford is Vice President, lead-

ers in both houses hope that for the first time their views will have direct access to President Nixon. Arizona's intellectual and staunchly conservative John J. Rhodes, who was unanimously elected by House Republicans to succeed Ford as minority leader when Rhodes' only challenger, Illinois' Leslie C. Arends, withdrew from competition, firmly endorsed such hopes.

Ford's performance as Vice President will almost inevitably be judged as if he is in training for another post. Though he has declared, "I have no intention or being a candidate for President or Vice President in 1976," he will be a leading prospect—if he does a good job. Those who doubt Ford's capability point out that he has had almost no experience in foreign affairs. Ford is determined to remedy this shortcoming in frequent sessions with Kissinger, who would almost certainly be asked to continue his geopolitical goals unchanged in any Ford Cabinet.

Faint Praise. Not everyone believes that Ford would distinguish himself as President. Many congressmen question his intellectual qualifications, about which even some Ford supporters provide faint praise. "Maybe he is a plodder, as some people here say," remarks liberal Democrat Richard Bolling of Missouri, "but right now the advantages of having a plodder in the presidency are enormous." Ford has impressed others with his drive and determination to do a solid, honest job. "Jerry Ford exudes the kind of confidence that I hope to see in a President," says Democrat Edward P. Boland of Massachusetts. "He could be the kind of President that Harry Truman became."

Above all, the nation will be looking for Ford's instincts, both political and human. Congressman Donald W. Riegle Jr., a political maverick from Flint, Mich., believes that they will be solid and fair on both counts. When Riegle was running for re-election in 1970 as a Republcan supporter of Peace Candidate Pete McClosky, Ford braved the wrath of Nixon's White House to tell Republicans in Flint that Riegle's stance was within Republican bounds. Says Riegle, who has since become a Democrat: "The whole question of whether Jerry Ford can change from being a partisan battering ram to being a national conciliator can be answered only by his taking on the job. He has the kind of sensitivity that gives him a potential for growth. If I could trade Nixon for Ford, I would do it in an instant."

For the time being, Ford's instincts are to learn his new job and allow a nation that has been often and rudely jolted in recent months to get to know him. He also realizes that he must hold the President to his word that Ford's appointment truly marks a "new beginning" in the Nixon Administration, not just a troop replacement. "What I have to watch out for is not to become Nixon's apologist," Ford says. "That wouldn't help either of us."

THE CRISIS

Another Week of Strain

For Richard Nixon, the inauguration of Gerald Ford as Vice President was only a brief part of an unusually frenetic week. In a burst of activity, the President discussed energy and economic policies with members of his staff. He chatted briefly with congressional leaders about his personal finances. He appointed nine new ambassadors. Several evenings, he slipped unannounced out of the White House—showing up at dinner with Daughter Julie and David Eisenhower, with Republican Chairman George Bush and with a group of Administration appointees.

He presided at a White House dinner, the first in two months, for visiting

times was drawn and pale; lines of tension creased his face, and he seemed barely able to control the quaver in his voice. The source of strain was his continuing Watergate woes, particularly his staff's inability to explain how a mysterious hum obliterated 18 minutes of his conversation with former Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman on June 20, 1972, three days after the Watergate break-in. Even close White House aides conceded that the gap on the tape had seriously damaged his efforts to restore public confidence. Said one assistant: "Somehow we've got to get this tape issue clarified or forgotten." It is not likely to be forgotten.

Federal Judge John J. Sirica heard more testimony about the tape from former White House Aide Lawrence M. Higby, Chief of Staff Alexander Haig and Secretary Woods. She clung to her story that she may have accidentally erased "four to five minutes" of the tape during a phone call but not the entire segment. After hinting that he was not convinced by her testimony, Sirica urged Miss Woods to "tell everything you know." She responded: "If I could offer any idea, any proof, any knowledge, of how the 18-minute gap happened, there is no one on earth who would rather. I'm doing the best I can."

"Sinister Force." On the stand, Haig told Sirica that at one point White House aides briefly entertained "the devil theory" to explain the gap. They wondered whether "some sinister force," an unexplained outside source of energy, had been applied to the tape. But Haig offered no suggestion as to just what he might mean by this James Bond or science-fiction scenario. He clearly continued the White House effort to put the responsibility on Rose Mary Woods. Haig said that he believed she was responsible for the entire gap. When he left the courtroom, he told reporters: "I've known women who thought they talked on the telephone for five minutes and actually talked for an hour."

Haig's testimony was full of minor conflicts with what Presidential Lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt had previously said, and contained frequent memory lapses remarkable in a bright West Point graduate who was noted for his organizational competence as Henry Kissinger's longtime aide. For example, he could not recall what he discussed with Nixon, Rose Mary Woods and Press Secretary Ron Ziegler during a 24-minute conference the evening of the day he told Nixon that the gap on the tape lasted for 18 minutes—just three weeks before his courtroom appearance. Often Haig fidgeted, toying with his glasses or twisting his West Point class ring. At one point he protested to Richard Ben-Veniste, an assistant special prosecutor: "You're pressing me beyond my recol-

lection. I want to be very clear that I do not regard myself as being involved in this thing other than when circumstances made me a conduit."

In his testimony, Lawrence Higby disclosed that Haldeman still wielded a shadowy influence over some White House deliberations seven months after he was forced to resign. Higby said that Haldeman knew almost as soon as the President did—that is, on Nov. 15—that 18 minutes of the tape had been obliterated. Moreover, Higby testified that later that day Haldeman ordered him by phone to retrieve his handwritten notes on the meeting. Higby also said that four other sets of notes kept by Haldeman, including one subpoenaed by the Watergate prosecutors, were missing from the vault where they had been kept. After Higby's testimony, White House Assistant Press Secretary Gerald L. Warren conceded that both Nixon and Ziegler occasionally talked with Haldeman, who now lives in Los Angeles, about presidential affairs. In court, however, Haig declared: "Haldeman does not influence what we do in the White House."

The mystery of the hum may be solved, at least in part, when Judge Sirica this week gets a report on the tape from electronics and acoustical experts. Guarded by three federal marshals, they worked for two days in the laboratories

WOODS & HER SECRETARY GO TO COURT



HAIG AFTER TESTIFYING
Maybe the devil did it.

Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu. The next evening Nixon was in a rare jovial mood at a reception at the Rumanian embassy. He patted shoulders and threw mock punches. Urging Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns to visit Rumania, Nixon declared: "You visit there one time and look at the girls. Rumanian girls are pretty." Then he was spotted by Secretary Rose Mary Woods, who exclaimed: "Doesn't he look well?"

On the contrary, the President at

THE NATION

of the Federal Scientific Corp. in New York City, trying to determine the source of the hum. Then they returned the tape to Sirica, who kept it locked up and closely guarded.

There were developments last week in the Administration's other potential scandals:

HUGHES MONEY

In closed session, the Senate Watergate Committee heard testimony from at least three employees of Superbillionaire Howard Hughes about \$100,100 that he gave to Nixon friend Bebe Rebozo in 1969 and 1970. Rebozo has said that the money had been intended for campaign purposes but was returned to Hughes this year. The Hughes associates' testimony was not disclosed. At one point, however, Hughes Attorney Chester Davis opened a tattered briefcase and dumped bundles of subpoenaed \$100 bills, bound in rubber bands, onto the table in front of Chairman Sam Ervin. Davis snapped: "Here's the money. Do what you want with it." Ervin had the bills photocopied and returned to Davis. Afterward, committee staffers began checking serial numbers to see if the bills are at least three years old. If they are, that would buttress Rebozo's story that the money lay in a safe-deposit box for three years.

MILK FUND

The committee also continued its investigation of whether the milk producers' contributions of at least \$527,500 to President Nixon's re-election campaign helped buy a 1971 increase in federal price supports for milk (TIME, Dec. 3). Officials of Associated Milk Producers Inc., the nation's largest dairy cooperative, which was one of the contributors, have privately told the committee that White House files contain documents that will reveal a *quid pro quo* arrangement between the milkmen and the Nixon Administration.

The committee requested that the White House turn over those documents, as well as any others relating to the decision to raise supports. White House officials refused. But they did promise to turn them over to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, who is also investigating the contribution.

In the face of his mounting troubles, Nixon has shifted tactics in his Operation Candor, which was supposed to explain away his Watergate woes. For the moment, he plans no forays into the country, no television speeches, no press conferences and no sessions with Congressmen. Instead, he is concentrating on preparing disclosures of information on specific issues, like his comprehensive statement last week on his personal finances (see following story). Presidential aides are expected to issue papers this week on the White House role in the milk-support controversy and the President's involvement in the ITT antitrust case. Undoubtedly, Nixon also will have more to say about the tapes, but not until Sirica decides what to do about the case of the mysterious hum.

The President as Taxpayer

For months, reports have circulated that Richard Nixon's net worth has increased dramatically during his years in the White House, and that in two of those years he paid virtually no federal income taxes. In his own defense, the President last week ordered the release of a mass of information on his private finances. What it revealed was hardly reassuring to his remaining supporters. While he may have fulfilled the letter of the tax law—and not even that is certain—his deals and deductions raised disturbing questions about propriety.

Release of the material followed an extensive audit by White House officials and outside advisers, including Philadelphia Lawyer Kenneth Gemmill, Cleveland Lawyer H. Chapman Rose, and accountants from the firm of Coopers and Lybrand. Highlights of their authorized report on the President's intricate business activities between Jan. 1, 1969, and May 31, 1973:

During the four-year period, the President paid less than \$79,000 in federal income taxes on a total income of more than \$1.1 million.

In fact, in 1970 he paid only \$792 on a total income of \$262,942; the following year he paid \$878 on earnings of \$262,384. His total taxes for 1970, 1971 and 1972 amounted to \$5,968—the equivalent of what a family whose income was \$15,000 would have paid during those years.

These low tax bills were made possible by four categories of deductions:

► Interest payments on his properties (\$257,376);

► Property taxes (\$81,255);
► Miscellaneous deductions for items ranging from "unreimbursed official expenses as President" to the use of his property at San Clemente and Key Biscayne for official purposes (total: \$142,700);*

► Most important, deductions for the donation of his vice presidential papers to the National Archives (\$482,019). The voluminous papers, which date back to Nixon's years in the Senate and include his experiences as Vice President, had been privately evaluated at \$570,000. The evaluation was done by Ralph Newman, a presidential papers scholar, whom Nixon paid \$12,783.

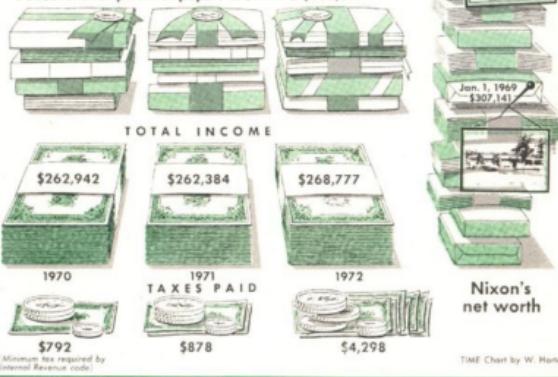
It is the last item that has stirred the sharpest criticism and inspired an investigation by Republican Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, who has promised to forward the results of his in-

*During the four-year period, in addition, the President donated \$10,331 to charities. In different years, for example, he contributed to the American Legion Auxiliary (\$36), the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association (\$4,500), Norman Vincent Peale's Marble Collegiate Church (\$50), the Southern California School of Theology (\$200), the Duke University Loyalty Fund (\$750).

NIXON'S PERSONAL FINANCES

Total deductions		
1970	1971	1972
\$307,181	\$255,676	\$247,569

Deductions for personal papers 1969-1972 \$482,019



TIME Chart by W. Hartman

The Accounting

vestigation to the Internal Revenue Service and to demand action on the case this week. The White House claims—without substantiation so far—that the President merely followed “the tradition of his six predecessors” in giving his private papers to the Government. Later the White House explained that the six predecessors had also given papers to the Government, not that they had profited by doing so. But Nixon reaped a tax windfall of almost \$235,000, by White House estimate.

Beyond the question of whether it is ethical for a President to charge the Government such a huge amount for his papers, there is also a legal problem for Nixon. In December 1969, Congress amended the tax law to forbid such deductions and made the amendment retroactive to July 25 of that year. The White House claims the gift was made on March 27, 1969, but a serious doubt exists over whether a transfer of the property took place before the deadline.

During the four-year period, Nixon's net worth increased from \$307,141 to \$988,522.

As President, he gets \$200,000 a year in salary and a \$50,000 annual expense allowance for gifts and a host of relatively small items. Of the \$200,000 that Nixon received in expense funds over the four-year period, he actually spent only \$108,000. He is permitted by law to keep the rest—as he did—and pay taxes on it.

The President also made a bundle in private business dealings, many of them highly complex. In 1967 he bought 199,891 shares in Fisher's Island Inc., a Miami-based real estate development firm—in which his great friend Bebe Rebozo was deeply involved—for \$1 per share. Only two years later, he sold 185,891 shares back to the company for \$2 per share, and paid capital gains taxes on the \$185,891 that he made on the deal.

On May 31, 1969, he sold his Manhattan co-op apartment (which had cost him \$100,000 in 1963, and on which he had spent \$66,860 in improvements) for \$312,500. Profit: \$142,912.

In April 1967, Nixon had bought two undeveloped lots in Florida for \$38,080. The following month, he “entered into an oral agreement with his daughter Tricia,” who was then 22. (At 21, Tricia had received the proceeds of a trust fund that had been given to her nine years earlier by Nixon's wealthy friend Elmer Bobst, then the chairman of the Warner-Lambert pharmaceutical company.) Tricia lent her father \$20,000 for purchase of the Florida property, and Nixon promised to repay her that amount plus 40% of whatever profits he might make. On Dec. 28, 1972, Nixon sold the property for \$150,000, making a profit of almost 300% on his invest-



WELLS—AUGUSTA CHRONICLE

ment. Tricia received \$65,000 as her share, and paid capital gains taxes of \$11,617. The White House statement was aimed at refuting published reports that Tricia had avoided paying her share of the tax on the sale by allowing her father to offset the entire gain against the large deductions that he has claimed on recent returns.

Since becoming President, Nixon has concentrated his capital on his properties in Florida and California. On Dec. 19, 1968, a few weeks after he was elected, he bought two adjacent properties in Key Biscayne, Fla., for \$253,455. To finance the purchase, he borrowed \$65,000 from the First National Bank of Miami and got mortgages totaling \$189,966. By May 31, 1973, he had reduced these mortgages to \$161,000.

Nixon's most tortuous—and mysterious—business dealings surround his estate at San Clemente, Calif. In 1969, in two separate transactions, Nixon acquired his Western White House and 28.9 acres around it for \$1.5 million, largely with the help of loans from his millionaire friend Robert Abplanalp. In December 1970, he sold all but 5.9 acres of this property for \$1,249,000. The buyer's legal name was the B and C Investment Co., but in reality the buyers were the President's staunch friends Abplanalp and Rebozo. Nixon had, in effect, sold his friends 80% of the land that he had bought the previous year for roughly 80% of the original purchase price. But he had retained the heart of the estate: the Western White House, plus the choicest parcel of property fronting on the beach. It appeared that Abplanalp and Rebozo had made the President a substantial gift.

The San Clemente transactions raise other questions. For instance, the President's tax advisers assert that he is not liable for California income taxes; yet he votes in the state and claims it as his legal residence.

The President declared last week that he plans to turn the San Clemente estate over to the U.S., but that he and his wife would retain the right to use it for the rest of their lives. If the deed is signed soon, the President's lawyers said, he would be eligible for an immediate tax deduction of about \$120,000. But Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler noted

that in the present climate it is “very unlikely that the President would seek a tax deduction for his San Clemente gift.”

Even more important, why did Nixon pay no capital-gains taxes on the sale of most of his San Clemente property to Abplanalp and Rebozo? The White House conceded that the question was a bit tricky. One of Nixon's tax advisers concluded that the President had not realized a capital gain on the transaction, but another White House adviser—Coopers and Lybrand—calculated that he made \$117,370 on the sale. While all that may be perfectly legal, it raises the question whether the President—who sets a moral tone for the nation—should have pressed every tax advantage and accepted huge loans and gifts from rich friends.

Every Loophole. After his three-week analysis, Lawyer Gemmill asserted that he was “satisfied 100%” that the President had done nothing illegal in his avoidance of taxes. But no one could say for sure on the basis of the snarl of figures released last week. What is unquestionable is that the President has taken advantage of every conceivable loophole to reduce his tax obligations. He has kept nearly half of an expense allowance provided by the taxpayers for miscellaneous official obligations.

“With regard to my tax returns,” said Nixon in a statement, “the accountants who prepared them listed all of the deductions—as any accountant would and should do on behalf of his client.” As for the serious questions concerning the donation of his vice presidential papers and his failure to pay capital gains taxes on the sale of his San Clemente property, the President added, he would ask the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation to review the matters—and he promised to abide by the committee's decisions. If the committee should decide against him, the President might find himself out of pocket by as much as \$267,000—plus interest for delinquent payments.

POLITICS

A Defeat for Campaign Reform

"It is no longer government of, for and by the people," complained Senator Walter Mondale. "It is government of, for and by those who are willing and able to pay the price." The Minnesota Democrat was pointing out a major lesson of Watergate: the corrosive power of private money in electoral campaigns, what he called "the buy-America system." The efforts of Mondale and other reform-minded legislators bogged down last week in a snarl that once again effectively killed reform of the nation's laws governing campaign financing.

The congressional tangle began late last month when the Senate, by a 57-to-34 vote, passed a measure to create federal funding for all general election campaigns down to the House level. The bill

committee rejected the Senate's amendment; the House then turned it down by a decisive 347 to 54 vote.

All was not yet lost, however. Leading Senators like Mondale, Edward Kennedy and Hugh Scott met with their counterparts in the House and worked out a compromise—a new amendment that would affect the financing of presidential campaigns only. It was thought to have a good chance of passing.

But the reformers had not counted on the tenacious opposition of Senator James Allen, a conservative Democrat of Alabama and master of the Senate's rules. The amendment passed the House, but when it was presented to the Senate, Allen filibustered for four days. Administration lobbyists quickly sup-

pass the debt-ceiling bill was all but irresistible. The Treasury was already halting bond sales, since their purchase would have increased the Government debt beyond the legal limit of \$400 billion. The Senate's reformers threw in the towel and passed the bill to raise the debt ceiling to \$475.7 billion—minus the public financing amendment.

Ironically, the reformers had fallen victim to their own legislative strategy. By attaching the measure to a piece of urgently needed legislation, the amendment's sponsors left themselves open to charges of trying to sneak an epochal bill through Congress without allowing adequate debate. Indeed, when the measure first went to the House, many representatives correctly considered it "non-germane" and thus unacceptable under House rules.

Nonetheless, the fact is that reform of campaign financing is badly needed. The present system too often invites corruption by placing candidates—except those who are very wealthy—in debt to major contributors and gives incumbents a considerable advantage. In the 1972 elections, for instance, only ten House members were unseated (along with six Senators), in part because the incumbents spent on the average twice as much on their campaigns as did their challengers.

Public Pressure. While admitting the shortcomings of their effort, reformers were especially bitter toward the White House, whose opposition clashed with President Nixon's public statements on the need for campaign reform. On Nov. 17, Nixon told the Associated Press managing editors of his determination "to do everything possible" to see that campaigns do not "get out of hand in the future." Still, the Administration has gone no further than to propose a commission to study the entire matter; it has resisted any concrete reform efforts. Charged an outraged Senator Mondale: "An Administration which has done more than any other in the history of this nation to illustrate the defects of our present system of financing political campaigns apparently would prefer to have the American Government grind to a halt rather than clean it up."

The victory of Allen and the Administration may be temporary. Senate reformers have already won a promise of early action next year on a public financing bill from the chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, and even the usually reluctant House Administration Committee chairman has vowed some action on campaign reform. In the meantime, public pressure can be expected to grow. A Gallup poll in September showed 65% of the population in favor of public finance. There is no guarantee that public finance can survive the powerful opposition of congressional and Executive incumbents. But in the light of the Watergate horrors, it should at least get the full public hearing that it deserves in the months to come.

WALTER BENNETT



Filibusterer JAMES ALLEN

A questionable maneuver that bogged down in a congressional snarl.

would have provided major candidates with 15¢ for each voter in their constituency. That would mean roughly \$21 million for presidential hopefuls (compared with \$60 million raised by President Nixon in 1972 and \$36 million raised by George McGovern), between \$175,000 and \$2,000,000 for Senators, and a minimum of \$90,000 for Representatives. To prevent trivial presidential candidacies, the new legislation would have required candidates to raise some money of their own for primary campaigns before they would become eligible for public funds.

In the hope of avoiding a presidential veto, the sponsors of the measure resorted to a parliamentary trick and attached it to a crucial, though unrelated bill raising the federal debt ceiling. But the maneuver only angered many in the House who were at best unenthusiastic about the legislation. At the urging of Al Ullman of Oregon, the Rules Com-



REFORMER WALTER MONDALE

ported Allen's delaying tactic. "They were all over the place," said Kenneth Davis, an aide to Senator Scott. "Their first interest was in getting the debt bill. Their second was in killing public finance." At one point, the White House dispatched an Air Force plane to fly the two Republican Senators from Oklahoma back to Washington to vote against ending the filibuster.

Allen remained unmoved by appeals to step aside that came from the Democratic leadership, including fellow Southern Conservative Russell B. Long. Calling the amendment "a raid on the public treasury" and a "half-baked concoction," Allen skillfully used his knowledge of the Senate's rules to tie the body up in procedural knots. A cloture vote was called for Sunday—the first Sunday session in more than 40 years—but failed to get the required two-thirds majority. Another cloture vote fell short on Monday, and by that time pressure to

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REPUBLICANS

Rocky on the Campaign Road

Though snow, sleet and fog shrouded the runway, the Grumman Gulfstream private jet ignored instructions to stay aloft and proceeded to land. Aboard was too heavy a load of dreams and ambitions to be put off by the elements. New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller had arrived in Grand Forks, N. Dak. After two appearances, the Governor, with half a dozen Republican notables in tow, flew on to Minot, N. Dak. Addressing the guests at a \$100-a-plate dinner, the first ever held by local Republicans, Rocky paid glowing tribute to every politician in the room: "I had the pleasure of standing next to Dave Germain, during the reception... Also just a word to thank the Bishop Ryan High School chorus and Mrs. Koenig, who is their leader." A local Republican made the inevitable comparison: "Agnew once came out here and just stood around not shaking hands with anybody."

From Phoenix to Des Moines to Miami, Rocky has spent the past two months crisscrossing the country, talking the issues, praising the old-fashioned values and rallying the party faithful in their dark hour of Watergate. Not even employing the usual political camouflage and persiflage, the Governor was clearly off and running—for the fourth time and, at 65, for the last time—for the U.S. presidency. For Rocky, the prize glitters as never before, and as never before, it may be within reach.

Mr. Clean. The plans have been painstakingly laid. The first step is to shed the burden of governorship. By last week his aides had managed to assure just about everybody that the Governor would resign before the first of the year, after 15 years in the job. The post will then be turned over to Rocky's faithful Lieutenant Governor of those 15 years, Malcolm Wilson, 59, a conservative party loyalist. Rockefeller would thus avoid having to seek a fifth term in 1974 and the prospect of facing one of two hungry, popular Democrats: Congressman Ogden Reid or Howard Samuels, director of the New York City Off-Track Betting Corp. If he lost the election, his presidential hopes would be killed. Moreover, by leaving office at the present time, Rocky can boast of a substantial record of achievement, especially in the areas of education and recreation. His administration has not been tainted by scandal. In the time of Watergate, he is Mr. Clean.

Once he resigns, he will step smoothly into the national spotlight. Last week, with appropriate fanfare, he held the first meeting of his National Commission on Critical Choices for America, a kind of ad hoc think tank that will debate the central issues of the day. Its 40 members, all chosen by Rocky from various pursuits and from both major political parties, include Vice President

Gerald Ford; Sol Linowitz, chairman of the National Urban Coalition; Patrick Moynihan, U.S. Ambassador to India; Ivan Allen, former mayor of Atlanta; Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts; William Paley, chairman of the board of CBS; Historian Daniel Boorstin; Physicist Edward Teller and Clare Boothe Luce. Commission reports will be issued over the next two years, just before the presidential campaign gets underway—much as Rocky did with the reports of the Prospect for America Commission during his bid for the presidency in 1960. Thus Rocky will be able to address himself to crucial national issues on a non-political, bipartisan platform.

But nobody knows better than Rocky that he cannot become President

BOB SHERMAN



NEW YORK GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER AT G.O.P. GATHERING IN ATLANTA
Rallying the Republican faithful in the dark hour of Watergate.

by appealing to liberal intellectuals on the issues. As an aide told a disgruntled liberal supporter: "We did it your way three or four times, and now we're going to try it our way." Which means that Rocky is playing up his shift to the right. Out among the folks, he emphasizes his crackdown on the welfare rolls and his tough new antidrug law, which mandates a life sentence without parole for anyone dealing in hard drugs. He is hawkish on defense and conservative on fiscal matters. He likes to tell the story about how someone once found his grandfather, John D. Rockefeller, on his hands and knees in his office. Asked what he was doing, Granddad replied: "I'm looking for a dime I lost."

Rocky has been careful not to offend Nixon supporters. He has never attacked the President on Watergate, and has tried to save the party from contamination. His standard refrain: "Watergate is a tragedy of individuals, not the Republican Party." At the G.O.P.

Governors Conference in Memphis last month, he drafted a resolution lauding Nixon for "outstanding accomplishments in international and domestic affairs" and for "his determination to make full disclosures to the public concerning Watergate."

There are signs that Rocky is getting through to the people he wants to reach. Though he earned the bitter hatred of the G.O.P. right wing for not supporting Barry Goldwater for President in 1964, the two former rivals are now the best of friends. At the meeting of the commission on choices last week, Gerald Ford acclaimed Rocky as a "superb Governor and very definitely presidential timber." Appearing at a Republican rally in Atlanta last week, he clearly drew more attention than John Connally, another possible contender for the G.O.P. nomination. By the time he had finished defending Nixon and excoriating welfare cheats and drug pushers, Rocky provoked rebel yells of

delight—a music he had never heard before in Dixie.

The Governor is still a distant second to G.O.P. Favorite Ronald Reagan, who outstripped Rocky 29 to 19 in an October Gallup poll. But Reagan stumbled a bit in the last election when his proposal to put a ceiling on state income taxes was defeated. Nor was his image helped when it was revealed that he had paid no state income tax in 1970, though his write-offs were legitimate. For many Republicans, Reagan, who is retiring next year at the end of his second term as California Governor, is too simplistic. That is a charge seldom made against Rockefeller. Though Rocky will be 68 in 1976, Reagan will be 65. Thus age is hardly an issue between the two men—though some voters may think both of them are too old. With three years to drum up support, Rocky has a chance to prove how vigorous he is. Win or lose, his last hurrah promises to be a political spectacular.

AMERICAN SCENE

High Noon After Nightfall

The nearly all-black village of Brooklyn, Ill. (pop. 1,700), a fragmented checkerboard of streets lined with shanty houses, is hardly the stuff of legends. With most of its residents on welfare or receiving some other form of public assistance, Brooklyn has depended for its existence chiefly on the raifish trace of night life it provides blacks and whites who after hours cross the Mississippi River from nearby St. Louis, Mo., to visit the village's all-night bars. Recently Brooklyn gained another kind of notoriety when it became the scene of a drama full of Western overtones and old-style bravado. TIME Correspondent Barrett Seaman reports:

The trouble began in the late summer and fall of last year, when Paul Latham, a black militant from nearby East St. Louis, came to Brooklyn to try to activate community and civil rights programs. Latham's brand of militancy grated on the Brooklynites, particularly when rumors began circulating that he

was trying to "take over" the village. James Bollinger, a local hustler, gambler and gun fancier, went to Mayor George Thomas and the village board and offered to run Latham out of town. Since the six-man police department was woefully weak, Thomas and the board deputized Bollinger and a dozen or so sidekicks. Bollinger and his men promised to persuade Latham to leave and, in a gunfight—in which no one was killed—they did just that a year ago.

Bollinger thereafter served notice that he was in charge in Brooklyn, and for a year he and his gang of badged deputies ran the village, freely roaming the streets armed with pistols, sawed-off shotguns, rifles, even machine guns. Bollinger himself touted a snub-nosed .30-cal. semiautomatic carbine "enforcer," which he kept tucked in the waist of his Levi's. The police department was so cowed by Bollinger and his bully buddies that, in effect, it ceased to exist.

Hard Drugs. At first the Bollinger gang rounded up gamblers and other troublemakers, but then it started its own reign of terror. Some gang members began to smoke pot, and later took to hard drugs, including heroin. Dr. John Riley, the village's only physician, was bullied into supplying them with drugs and forced to give them methadone when the heroin ran low. So persistent were the demands that Riley, 47, was driven to a nervous breakdown. He died of a heart attack this July.

Gambling and prostitution flourished in Brooklyn under Bollinger's direction; he took over the cigarette and jukebox vending operations in the village, made whites (even truck drivers who delivered liquor to the village bars) unwelcome, and frightened the late-night white bar clientele away. Bar owners and patrons were compelled to pay

the gang protection money, sometimes as much as \$500 a month, and some small shop owners were forced out of business when they were unable to meet the payments.

Those who resisted found their windows smashed—or worse. One man who resisted turned up dead in the street; and though the crime was never solved, it is widely believed that the Bollinger gang was responsible. Things got so bad that one resident went to Richard Jackson, manager of one of the village's bars, and told him that he had been robbed. "Why don't you go to the cops?" suggested Jackson. "Because it's one of them who robbed me," the man replied.

Jackson, 26, had several tense run-ins with Bollinger. One time Bollinger and his men denied him entry into his own bar and, he believes, wanted to kill him. Finally, Jackson went to his friend Frank Skinner, 39, a 6-ft. 3-in., 290-lb. onetime Brooklyn police chief who operated his own bar not far from Jackson's, and the two determined that Bollinger had to be stopped. Skinner went to Mayor Thomas, who had felt powerless to resist Bollinger. "It's time," he warned. "The man's been messin' with the people of this town too long."

Thomas, anxious to restore peace, agreed. He promptly made Skinner the new police chief. Skinner then deputized Jackson and two other men, and set out last month to round up the Bollinger gang. In the village's only patrol car, Skinner and his men prowled the streets, found Bollinger's men one by one, stripped them of their guns and badges, and ordered them out of town. By sunset of the same day, all of them had been found—except Bollinger.

Run for Cover. At about 8 p.m., Skinner, Jackson and another deputy found Bollinger standing in a patch of street light in front of a Fourth Street bar. As the three men approached him, townspeople began to run for cover. Skinner stopped ten paces away, his police riot gun loaded with two deer slugs.

"I guess you're lookin' for me," said Bollinger calmly.

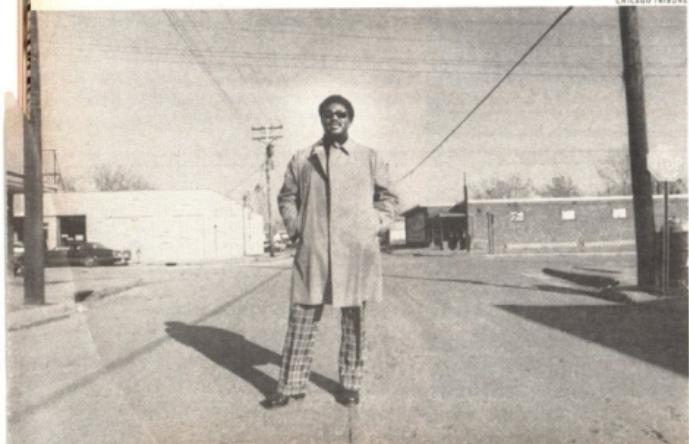
"That's right," replied Skinner. "I'm lookin' for you, man. I know you've heard I'm the police chief now."

"I'm not giving up a goddam thing," said Bollinger. His hands moved quickly to his gun, but before he had it out of his Levi's, Skinner's first deer slug ripped through his chest. Witnesses claim that Bollinger's body spun three times in the air, and a second slug exploded into his head. He was dead before he hit the ground. Bollinger's girl friend walked over and stood above the body and said, "He lived like a man. He died like one too." He was 38.

With the Bollinger reign of terror at an end, night life in Brooklyn has picked up, the late-night white clientele is trickling back, and more people walk the streets at night. Says Skinner with a smile: "There are only six men carrying guns in Brooklyn—all police. The Wild West show is over."



BOLLINGER A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH



CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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POLICY

Getting It Under One Roof

In its search for a strategy to deal with the energy crisis, the Nixon Administration has frequently seemed to be playing musical chairs. This year alone, the vital post of chief energy adviser to the President has been filled by three different men. Last week the Administration seemed finally to click on a winning choice. In a move that drew praise even from his harshest critics, President Nixon ordered a sweeping reorganization of the Government's energy policymaking system and installed a tough-minded former investment banker, Deputy Treasury Secretary William Simon, as his newest energy czar (TIME, Dec. 10).

Simon heads a new superagency that was set up by executive order last week as the Federal Energy Office, but will be renamed the Federal Energy Administration once Congress establishes it permanently by statute. It will centralize operations formerly scattered among many Government agencies, gaining authority not only over policy planning and the administration of allocation programs but even over fuel prices. Among many other agencies, FEA will swallow the Cost of Living Council's energy division, which controls prices for gasoline, heating oil and other petroleum products. That should end the type of bureaucratic delay that recently held up for three months an urgently needed mandatory allocation plan for fuels—a plan that, significantly, was originally drafted by Simon. As Simon explained to TIME Correspondent Sam Iker: "Making and implementing energy policy used to be under a lot of roofs—over at Interior, at the White House, here in

Treasury and elsewhere. But now we are going to integrate all policymaking and implementation under one roof. That is the vital change."

Another vital change is the substitution of Simon's driving administrative approach for the slow, cautious methods of his predecessor as energy czar, former Colorado Governor John A. Love. On Wall Street, Simon threw as a bond trader who regularly had to make quick decisions on deals involving many millions of dollars, with painful penalties for failure. A long-hours man who regularly lunches at his desk (on enormous delicatessen sandwiches), Simon does not believe in large formal meetings that seek to form a consensus among those attending. He prefers to get information and advice from close aides at a series of small meetings and then make the decisions himself.

Hardest Problem. In only about a year in Washington, he has impressed other bureaucrats, Congressmen and oil executives with his quick grasp of complex energy policies, and his appointment brought forth a chorus of praise that he finds almost embarrassing. Says Representative Silvio Conte of Massachusetts, a strong critic of the Administration's energy performance: "Of all the people I have dealt with in 15 years on this problem, Simon is the best. He has a handle on it better than anyone in the Government."

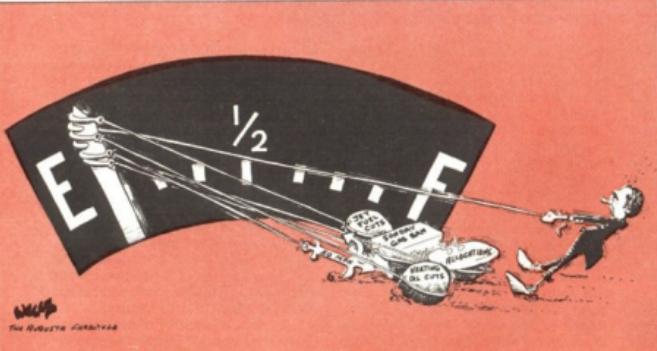
Having got the organization and the man, though, the Administration must still equip itself with an effective energy strategy. Simon promised to get moving on that immediately, pledging a deci-

sion by the end of this month on the hardest problem: whether to start gasoline rationing. Some Washingtonians have already concluded that he will say no. Their reasoning: Love is said to have been bounced from the top energy post because, after initial reluctance, he concluded that rationing was inevitable. Also, Simon retains his post as Deputy Secretary of the Treasury. That means that his immediate boss remains Treasury Secretary George Shultz, a free marketeer who is a bitter opponent of rationing.

In fact Simon, though reluctant to opt for rationing, seems genuinely to have an open mind on the subject. Right now the government is reassessing the size of the petroleum shortfall the U.S. will undergo this winter. Official projections of a 3.4 million-bbl.-a-day gap in the first three months of 1974 are based on so-called worst-case assumptions. These include a steady climb in demand, a cold winter and a cutback in Canadian oil exports to the U.S. So far, energy experts note, none of these dire fears have actually come true. In addition, gasless Sundays and other conservation measures outlined by the President two weeks ago could cut deeply into fuel consumption. These measures, coupled with an encouraging shift from oil to coal by several utility companies, lead some Federal officials to feel that the shortfall could be cut to 2.6 million bbl. a day—enough, in his words, to make the difference between rationing and no rationing.

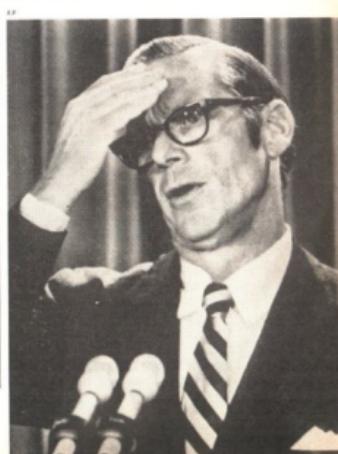
If the gap indeed yawns no wider than that, Simon leans toward a kind of semi-rationing: a system that would allot a certain number of gallons of gas a week to each driver (or car) at taxes no higher than those now in effect but would clamp a heavy "excess-use" tax on purchases above that basic

CLYDE WELLS—AUGUSTA CHRONICLE



TIME, DECEMBER 17, 1973

ENERGY CZAR WILLIAM SIMON



ENERGY

limit. The plan has some advantages over outright rationing. It would assure everyone of a basic gasoline supply while permitting people to choose freely how much they really wanted to drive. It would also produce new Government revenues that could be used to fund mass transit.

A similar excess-use tax might also be imposed on consumers of natural gas and electricity in order to save even more fuel. Under one idea now being considered in Simon's agency, consumption in excess of a certain amount—perhaps 85% of what was used during a base period last year—would be subjected to a heavy impost.

Sharp Rise. Simon nevertheless favors a rise in some fuel prices, both as a curb on burgeoning demand and as an incentive to industry to expand its search for new sources of fuel needed to attain independence from the Arabs and other foreign oil suppliers. But recognizing that this approach would bring huge profits to the oil industry, he would couple that carrot to a stick: high taxes on any profits over a certain level that were not plowed back into new exploration, new refinery construction or research and development.

If he does decide on such a program, Simon faces some difficulties in putting it across. Congress will be cool to heavy gasoline taxes, to put it mildly. Democratic Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, one of Capitol Hill's most prominent voices on energy policy and a eulogizer of Simon last week, has warned that during the present period of high inflation, Congress would defeat any heavy-tax proposal by a lopsided vote.

Simon's biggest problem may be the one that played a part in bringing John Love down: getting through to the President. Love saw Nixon alone only four or five times during his five-month tenure. Love was supposed to remain a senior energy adviser under Simon, but he angrily quit the Government last week and went home to Colorado, asserting that he had never been able to "get the attention of the President."

Simon asserts that Nixon "fully realizes the gravity of the situation" and says that he has been "assured that we will have access to the President" whenever necessary. Indeed, the self-assured Simon manages to imply that he can make so many decisions himself that frequent access may not even be needed. "It's up to me to assess what is a presidential decision and what is a day-to-day decision that will take up his time," says the new energy boss.

Perhaps. But many of Simon's confident words sound distressingly similar to language once used by John Love. Even Simon admits that only the President can commit the Government on the most difficult questions, like rationing. Whatever Simon's prowess on the job, the U.S. really has the same energy czar that it has had all along: Richard Nixon.

IMPACT

The Fuel Crisis Begins to Hurt

The energy pinch so far has been an abstract thing for most Americans, more future threat than present trouble. Last week, for a growing number, the crisis brought real pain. Shortage-caused layoffs spread into the auto, electronics, rubber and aluminum industries. Traveling was rapidly becoming a nightmare because of gasless Sundays, airline flight cancellations and, most spectacularly, a series of highway blockades in the East, Midwest and South staged by owners of heavy trailer trucks.

The truckers, squeezed between rising diesel-fuel costs and lower speed limits that cut the number of miles they can cover in a day, are the first large group of Americans to have their incomes directly reduced by the fuel crisis (see box page 33). Their protests

The longest tie-up, on the Ohio Turnpike, strangled traffic between Cleveland and Toledo for nearly 24 hours beginning Wednesday morning.

By midweek, the Governors of Delaware, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania had ordered state police and National Guard units to drag stopped trucks off the road and arrest any drivers who tried to interfere. That tactic broke the traffic jams, but the truckers are determined to continue their protest until the Nixon Administration gets fuel prices reduced, raises speed limits or both. Some are trying to organize a nationwide strike for Thursday and Friday this week.

Non-professional drivers are already getting a taste of gas-pump privation. On the first gasless Sunday, an

RON REED—CAMERA 5



CARS FILL UP AT MANHATTAN GAS STATION ON SATURDAY TO BEAT GASLESS SUNDAY
It is just like the run on nylons during World War II.

seemed spontaneous; both the Teamsters Union and the American Trucking Association publicly disavowed them. But the drivers have their own informal communications network: the Citizen's Band radios that link them rig-to-rig as they roll along. Last week those radios crackled with calls to revolt by parking tractor-trailers across turnpikes and barricading traffic. After the first major jam was organized Monday by a driver (known to other truckers as River Rat) on a stretch of Interstate 80 near Blakeslee, Pa., the stoppages spread into Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Indiana, New Jersey, New York and Ohio. One of the worst blockades, staged by 350 trucks, backed up traffic as much as 250 miles on roads leading to the Delaware Memorial Bridge in the Philadelphia-Wilmington area.

estimated 90% of the nation's filling-station operators obeyed President Nixon's call to shut down between 9 p.m. Saturday and midnight Sunday. Whether the closings actually saved much—or any—fuel is questionable. Some stations did double their normal business on Saturday, then ran dry in the early-Monday rush. "It's just like the run on nylons in World War II," said a Boston attendant. Highways were nearly empty in some areas; toll takers on Chicago expressways had unaccustomed leisure to lean out of their booths and chat between collections. But around such cities as San Francisco and Miami, roads seemed as crowded as ever.

An unusual number of heedless motorists were stranded when they ran out of gas. Members of the Illinois Gasoline Dealers Association in Chicago

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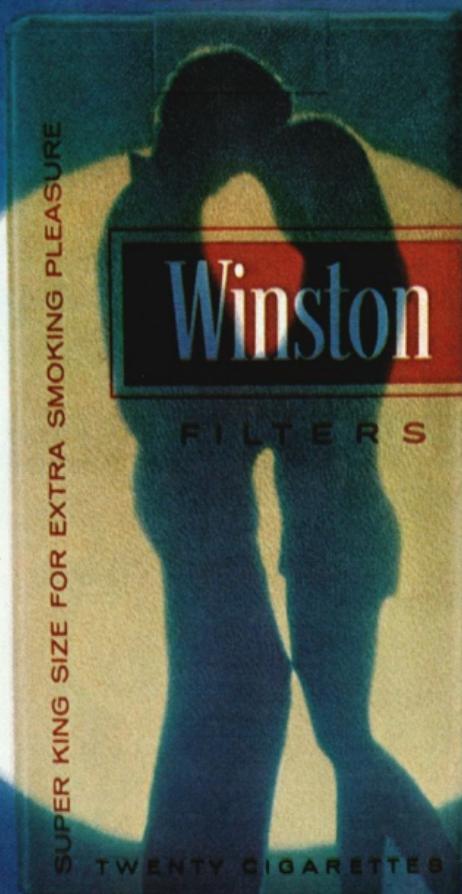
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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

The New Highway Guerrillas

When times are flush, the life of a trucker can be good—not easy, but good. Highballing down a turnpike in his own \$30,000 rig, the open countryside flashing by, the air conditioning and stereo on, old buddies to meet at the next truck stop, a good load in back and the promise of maybe \$20,000 in profit at the end of the year—a man could do worse. But times now are anything but flush, and the truckers have suddenly turned into the angriest and most disruptive group of protesters in the nation.

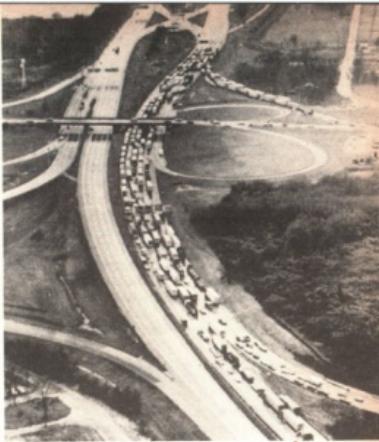
What could cause the truckers, normally strong law-and-order men, to become a bunch of traffic-blocking guerrillas? The highway tie-ups that they organized last week were called to vent these gripes:

► Lower speed limits: Truckers

claim that their rigs run more efficiently at 65 m.p.h. than at the 55-m.p.h. limit already in effect in many states and slated to become the national standard. On the contrary, a General Motors computer study indicates that trucks burn 15% less fuel going 50 to 55 m.p.h. than when doing 70. The real issue in the cabs is not fuel economy but money in the wallet. Most hired drivers are paid by the mile, not the hour; the 400,000 who pilot their own rigs must try to haul as many loads as possible in a week. Averaging 55 rather than 70, they can cover 150 fewer miles in a ten-hour driving day; at 16¢ a mile, that translates to \$24 less every working day for a hired driver and, at 40¢ a mile, \$60 less each day for an owner-operator.

► Fuel prices: Until three months ago, diesel fuel averaged around 27¢ per gal. Now it costs 45¢ to 51¢ and has gone as high as 80¢ at the pumps of at least one Ohio truck stop. Typically, a trucker grosses \$300 hauling a load between Pittsburgh and Chicago and keeps \$55 as profit. Rocketing fuel prices now slash that profit by \$23. The truckers want the government to set a diesel-fuel ceiling of 35.9¢ per gal. Transportation Secretary Claude Brinegar and the Cost of Living Council have agreed to look into charges of price gouging by truck stops.

► Fuel scarcity: When truckers say "Fill 'er up," they are calling for 100 or more gallons; typically, their tanks hold 120 to 140 gal.



TIEUP AT DELAWARE MEMORIAL BRIDGE

Now many stations are limiting them to 50, 25 or even 10 gal. at a time. So the drivers must chase from truck stop to truck stop, wasting precious driving time, to keep their four-miles-to-the-gallon rigs running. The drivers want a generous allocation of fuel to the truck stops to keep them on the road.

These problems are no excuse for continuing illegal highway blockades. "Holding the public hostage because there is a fuel shortage would be totally irresponsible and counterproductive," says Thomas C. Schumacher Jr., managing director of the California Trucking Association. Such talk does not impress the truckers. One driver, sitting in the cab of a tractor-trailer that was blocking traffic approaching the Delaware Memorial Bridge last week, said: "We want Nixon and his people, when they turn on their television sets, to hear us."



POLICE MOVING ON TRUCKS JAMMING ROAD IN OHIO

banded together to deliver three gallons to each motorist who called, charging the pump price plus a \$5 service fee and a \$5 donation to the American Cancer Society. Their "hot line" logged more than 500 calls. Tow trucks on Los Angeles freeways dispensed so much fuel that by nightfall they were out and could only push cars off the roadway.

The shutdown even sparked some incidents of violence. Bill Sutton, owner of a South Miami filling station, had to call police after a motorist to whom he refused to sell gas on Saturday night swung a hose at him, shouting: "I am going to get some gas even if I have to kill somebody." In Hanford, Calif., a station owner who had closed at the President's call found that a competitor across the street was open on Sunday and doing a hopping business. So the patriot hauled out a pistol and shot up six of his rival's pumps.

Traveling by means other than a car was no joyride, either. Airlines, strug-

gling to stay within new fuel allocation, have canceled 1,000 of their 13,000 daily scheduled flights within the U.S. and will chop many more after the first of the year. Travelers are turning back to the railroads in such numbers that trains are jammed.

Big Shift. Many Americans will not have the money to travel. The scheduled layoffs in the auto industry reached 175,000 workers, who will be idle for a week or so around Christmas as plants close to shift production from standard-sized autos to fuel-saving small cars. The Big Three announced last week that November sales totaled 772,795 units, down a startling 118,000 from a year earlier. Layoffs are also spreading into supplier industries: Davidson Rubber Co., the largest employer in Dover, N.H., will furlough 200 of its 1,400 employees for at least two months because of waning orders from the automakers who buy its arm rests and other components. In Pennsylvania, 3,000 employees of Leeds

& Northrup, an electronics firm, will be idled for a week as their plant shuts down to save fuel.

Another threat to the wallet is the galloping increase in inflation caused by the fuel crisis. The wholesale price index in November shot up at an annual rate of 21.6%, led by a 19.3% jump in fuel prices. The Cost of Living Council nevertheless decided last week to permit an extra boost of 2¢ a gallon in wholesale prices of heating oil that will shortly raise homeowners' monthly bills. The COLC simultaneously ordered a penny-a-gallon cut in wholesale gasoline prices, but consumers will never see that one; it will be overwhelmed by other increases permitted due to rising prices for crude oil. The purpose of the two moves is to prod refineries to shift more of their output to home heating oil by making it more profitable to produce, compared with gasoline.

Other changes in Americans' daily lives—present and future—will result

ENERGY

from Government action on federal, state and city levels. In Washington, the Senate followed the House in voting year-round Daylight Saving Time, effective in late December or early January, and it approved a ten-year, \$20 billion program for energy research and development, exclusive of funds to be spent on nuclear research. More states lowered speed limits; freeway-laced California went down to 55 m.p.h., and so did Florida. In Los Angeles, the Department of Water and Power announced a contingency plan to limit businesses

to 50 hours of operation per week.

Still, the shortages worsen. The New York State Public Service Commission last week proposed a statewide 5% cut in electrical power output, which would close nearly all outdoor advertising and cause store-window lights to blink off after 9:30 p.m. and office-building and parking-lot lights to go dark three hours after the close of business every night. Texaco announced that its deliveries of home heating oil, diesel and tractor fuel to distributors this month will be 27% lower than in December last year. At

that, the American shortages are mild compared with those in Europe, where bitter cold and record snowfalls are already worsening the bite. An economic study now being passed around among top officials of the Common Market calls a 1974 recession certain. Output in the nine countries will drop 2% to 3% next year, the study predicts, and unemployment will double, if not triple. If so, the Community will face the worst crisis in its 15-year history; never have its members had to coordinate policy during a recession.

The Emissary from Arabia

He does not look or act like one of the world's most powerful men. His eyes are gentle and thoughtful. His hands fondle prayer beads. He speaks softly. Yet because he is Saudi Arabia's Minister of Petroleum and Mineral Resources, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani wields greater influence over the lives of consumers in the U.S., Europe and Japan than some of their own elected officials.

Last week, after visiting European capitals, Yamani went to Washington to explain the Arab embargo and exchange views with top U.S. officials. In each meeting, he made Saudi Arabia's position clear. "We will be more than happy to relax our oil measures if there is reason," he said after a 90-minute meeting with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. His definition of being reasonable: Arab oil will flow to the U.S. again when Israel sets a firm timetable for evacuating lands captured from the Arabs—and actually starts moving out. The Israelis do not have to vacate all the occupied territories, Yamani said, to get Saudi oil exports to the U.S. started again; if there is a phased Israeli withdrawal, there will be a phased step-up in oil shipments.

From someone else, this might sound like political blackmail. Yamani, however, has a way of making such statements sound eminently sensible. For one thing, he is one of the most pro-American of prominent Arab leaders. Also, he is widely respected as a realist who can, as an admirer says, "explain the Arab approach in ways that outsiders can understand."

The son of an eminent religious judge, Yamani was born 43 years ago in Mecca. After receiving an LL.D. from the University of Cairo when he was only 19, he came to the U.S. in the mid-1950s and studied comparative law at New York University and Harvard. Back in Saudi Arabia, Yamani went into government service. In 1958 he was appointed legal adviser to the nation's Council of Ministers, and by 1962 was Minister of Oil. Deeply trusted by King Feisal, he was in constant contact with Aramco, the giant U.S. oil company.

His great advantage is that he is as

much at ease in a trimly tailored Western business suit as in Arabia's traditional flowing *thobe*. He straddles cultures, enjoying Arabian poetry and folk dancing, but also loving classical music and oilmen's lusty jokes. Western businessmen like Yamani and respect him because he knows the oil business inside out. "If that man ever went into private consultancy, he'd be swamped," says a U.S. State Department official. "All the American oil companies would want him on retainer."

More than any other Arab, Yam-

ani stands as a kind of savings account. Yamani insists there is only one reason for Saudi Arabia to boost its oil output: friendship for the U.S.

To Americans who can find little sign of friendship in Saudi Arabia's current stand, Yamani says that his country opposed a total oil embargo against the U.S. until political pressure from other Arab producers became irresistible. He knows that aside from its political use, the Arabs can employ their oil weapon to get almost any price boosts they ask, but says that that power must be used wisely. "We in Saudi Arabia cannot stand isolated if the economies of other nations collapse around us," he

FISHER—GAMMA



AHMED ZAKI YAMANI WITH SECRETARY KISSINGER IN WASHINGTON

ani designed the 1972 "participation" agreements which allowed the Arab Persian Gulf nations to buy a 25% interest in foreign oil companies. Early this year he sounded the first warning to the U.S. that the Arab nations might cut oil output in order to "correct" America's pro-Israel stance. State Department officials dismissed the warning as a bluff.

Yamani now is trying to convince Washington that it cannot hope that economic pressure will force the Arabs to lift the embargo. Saudi Arabia already cannot absorb the more than \$2 billion it earns each year in oil revenues; it is to its economic self-interest to leave the oil

recently told TIME's Beirut bureau chief, Karsten Prager. "We must have stability in the world. You need oil; we want to help—if you will just sit down with us and help us solve our problems."

Even as Yamani was in Washington stressing reason and friendship, however, Arab League economic ministers meeting in Cairo announced that they would gradually withdraw the estimated \$10 billion that their countries have on deposit in U.S. and other Western banks. That action, and Yamani's own words, leave no doubt that the Arabs fully appreciate the power of their economic weapons, and intend to wield them vigorously.

NEW ENGLAND

The Meanest Winter of the Century

Though the energy crisis will cause disruptions in the lives of most Americans, none will be hit as savagely as New Englanders. From the rugged woodlands of northern Maine to the gilded suburbs of southern Connecticut, the region faces what could be its meanest winter of the century. Devastating shortages of oil are likely to bring widespread factory shutdowns, soaring unemployment, electricity blackouts and genuine physical hardship. Echoing the view of many worried New England officials, John Drew, Massachusetts' energy adviser, says: "We are sitting on top of a disaster."

New England's painful vulnerability is largely an unalterable matter of geography. Possessing no major fuel resources of its own, and located at the extreme end of the supply lines from U.S. oil and gas wells in the South and Southwest, the region has had to buy fuel wherever it could be found. In the past, an abundant and cheap source has been foreign oil, which could easily be unloaded from tankers at the region's numerous ports. Thus New England has become extraordinarily dependent on foreign petroleum to generate its electricity, run its factories and heat its homes. Fully 90% of the region's energy needs are supplied by oil, v. a national average of 44% and about half of the oil is imported from refineries in Europe and the Caribbean, which draw much of their crude from the Middle East. The Arab nations' ban on oil shipments to the U.S. will reduce petroleum supplies about 18% for the whole nation—but in New England the shortfall could reach 30% or 40%.

Most frightening is the rapid shrinkage in stocks of heavy No. 6 "residual" oil, which is widely used to power electric generators and factory machinery. Virtually all of the region's residual oil is imported from Europe, but with the slowing of the flow of Arab oil to the Continent, supplies from this source have been drastically diminished. John Buckley, vice president of Northeast Petroleum Corp., a Chelsea, Mass., wholesaler, believes that "a shortage of 50% in residual-oil supplies is quite possible by early next year."

To avoid utter chaos, many electric utilities are beginning to turn to coal. Yet only about 10% will be able to complete the switchover from oil by February. Meanwhile, most utilities have reduced electric power by 5% between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. and are now working on plans for rotating blackouts to save fuel. That will increase the risk of crime and accidents, including fires from candles and oil lamps.

New Englanders will also have to struggle through the region's frigid winter temperatures with about a quarter less heating oil than normal. So many

people are using woodburning fireplaces that top-hatted chimney sweeps are getting more business than they can handle. Fearful that some homes might run out of fuel entirely, Maine's Civil Defense Authority is establishing shelters in armories, high schools and grange halls, where residents can set up temporary living quarters. Trailer parks in New Hampshire, which house thousands of low income residents, are all but out of kerosene for space heaters. Vermont's Public Service Board Chairman William Gilbert worries that fuel supplies in his state could be halved and warns: "We could be in a save-the-women-and-children-first situation."

The energy crisis will deal a numbing blow to the region's economy, which has already been enfeebled by the loss of such traditional industries as textiles, apparel and leather and the failure of the high-technology industries that cluster along Route 128 outside Boston to recover from the 1970 recession. Economist Jack Rothwell of Boston's New England Merchants National Bank predicts: "This region is going to be hit hard, and a recession is almost inevitable." The Nixon Administration forecasts that nationwide unemployment will peak at 6% in 1974, but Economist David Pinsky of the University of Connecticut predicts that New England's jobless rate will climb to 9% next year.

Hand-to-Mouth. Signs of trouble already are proliferating. Because of the ban on Sunday sales of gasoline and the spreading general scarcities, the New Hampshire Ski Operators Association estimates that about 10,000 jobs will go unfilled and \$200 million in revenues will be lost in their state alone. Construction of factories, apartments and other buildings in Massachusetts could halt because of the shortage of propane used to "cure" concrete in winter. Fishing fleets in New Bedford, Gloucester and other ports in Massachusetts are already operating on hand-to-mouth diesel fuel allotments from the state.

DOUG BRUCE



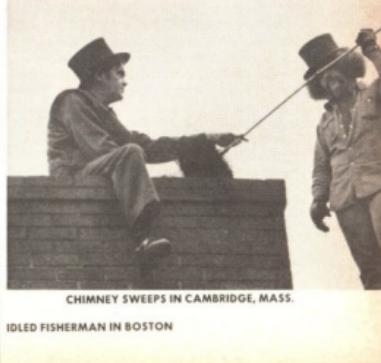
New England's only hope of avoiding the worst of the onrushing energy crunch lies in swift federal action to funnel more fuel to the area from less threatened states. Many New Englanders complain bitterly that such a program could be in operation now if the Administration had not dawdled for months earlier this year in adopting a mandatory fuel allocation program. Says Representative Torbert MacDonald, a Massachusetts Democrat: "Nixon has been so screwed up saving his own skin that the real needs of the country get no attention or leadership."

The Administration now has an allocation program, and a newly created Office of Petroleum Allocation to run it. But the OPA is undermanned, underexperienced and, as one official concedes, "a mass of confusion." Administration officials are only now getting around to de-mothballing tankers to get oil to the region. Even if this program is completed swiftly, the Interior Department, which is responsible for compiling energy statistics, has only the most general idea of how much fuel New England will need. Precise figures, its specialists say, will take a month to assemble—and by then it may be too late to spare the region's inhabitants a winter of unrelieved misery.

STORING FUEL IN OLD JET TANK



KEN KOBRE



CHIMNEY SWEEPS IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

IDLED FISHERMAN IN BOSTON



GERMAN FARMERS ENJOYING A HORSE-DRAWN SUNDAY OUTING



BICYCLISTS AFTER COLLISION IN ROME

EUROPE

Never On Sonntag or Domenica

For Americans, nondriving Sundays are still a novelty; for many Europeans, they already are part of the regular round of life. Over the past month or so, six European countries—Belgium, The Netherlands, West Germany, Switzerland, Italy and just this week, Denmark—have flatly forbidden all Sunday driving, except for cars owned by diplomats, doctors, taximen and a very few others. Although nothing that drastic is planned in the U.S., the Nixon Administration does intend to convert the present voluntary ban on Sunday gasoline sales into a mandatory prohibition once Congress passes the necessary legislation. So the economic and social effects of the European bans may offer a preview of the American future—distorted somewhat by the fact that Europe is far less dependent on the car than the U.S. is; many more Europeans than Americans have access to cheap, safe, clean and ubiquitous public transportation.

Despite that factor, the driving bans have grievously hurt some European businesses. Sunday revenues of German hotels and restaurants have dropped as much as 30% to 70% since Sabbath driving was forbidden three weeks ago. The picturesque villages on the left bank of the Rhine between Bonn and Koblenz look all but deserted of tourists on Sundays. The Swiss ski industry is suffering; after two carless Sundays, crowds are thin at the resorts, and there is no waiting on tow lines. Skiers who usually arrive by car seem to be spurning the doubled train and bus schedules that the government has provided from cities. In Belgium, it had long been a national tradition for city families to pile

into the car for a drive and Sunday dinner at a distant restaurant. Now sales in the outlying restaurants, especially in the Ardennes, have plummeted disastrously; whole villages dependent on the trade have been hurt. The howls grew so loud that the government—sensitive to shopkeepers, who make up a large proportion of the population—has partially relaxed the ban. Originally forbidden until 3 a.m. Monday, driving is now permitted after 8 Sunday evening. The Netherlands will drop gasless Sundays altogether January 7, when it becomes the first European country to ration.

A Stiff Belt. In-town businesses catering to people forced to stay close to home are booming. Restaurants in Swiss cities report increases of 10% to 40% in Sunday sales. Sunday attendance at West German movie theaters is up by around 30%. Department stores are peddling record quantities of liquor—everything from local schnapps to \$20 imported bottles of American sour mash—to Germans who apparently find the prospect of staying home Sunday unbearable without a stiff belt. With weekend accident rates declining, insurance companies say they are pondering pressure to lower rates. Repair shops, crammed by the past several years, have seen their business decline only marginally.

Socially, most Europeans seem to be taking the Sunday driving bans in a holiday spirit. "Isn't it marvelous!" exclaimed Movie Director Franco Zeffirelli (*Romeo and Juliet*) as he drove a horse and carriage through the streets of Rome, which are generally choked by swarms of gnatlike Fiats and Moto Guzzis. "You can even hear the foun-

tains splashing." The Piazza del Popolo, which usually resembles a dodge-'em concession at an amusement park, has been turned into a Sunday roller-skating rink. In Switzerland, the *Tribune de Genève* says that Genevois dining out on Sundays are even "talking to people at other tables," a rare social phenomenon among the reserved Swiss. Churches are crowded with people who cannot get out of the city by car but can bicycle to services. In the small community of Limburg, halfway between Frankfurt and Bonn, parishioners at Sunday Mass can hardly turn the pages of their prayer books without having to mumble apologies to neighbors on either side. After services, confused churchgoers wearing bicycle clamps around their cuffs anxiously search for their vehicles in a sea of look-alike bikes.

Beneath the *Gemütlichkeit*, however, signs of strain are showing. In The Netherlands, which has now gone through six carless Sundays, police report a dramatic rise in calls to break up fights among families forced to stay together; such duties have absorbed the energies of cops no longer needed for traffic control. In Geneva some citizens stoned cars exempt from the Sunday ban as they crossed the Pont du Mont Blanc in the center of the city and slashed the tires of autos with diplomatic license plates.

Worried by such manifestations, the Vatican has counseled Europeans to turn from "hedonism" and accept their privations "with serene public spirit and—why not?—a sense of Christian maturity." The influential Milan newspaper *Corriere della Serra* is worried about a potential population explosion because of the Sunday driving ban. "In a rabbit hutch of a country like Italy," it editorialized, "the austerity restrictions could bring us to a kind of Lent in the streets and carnival in bed."

Have one of mine.

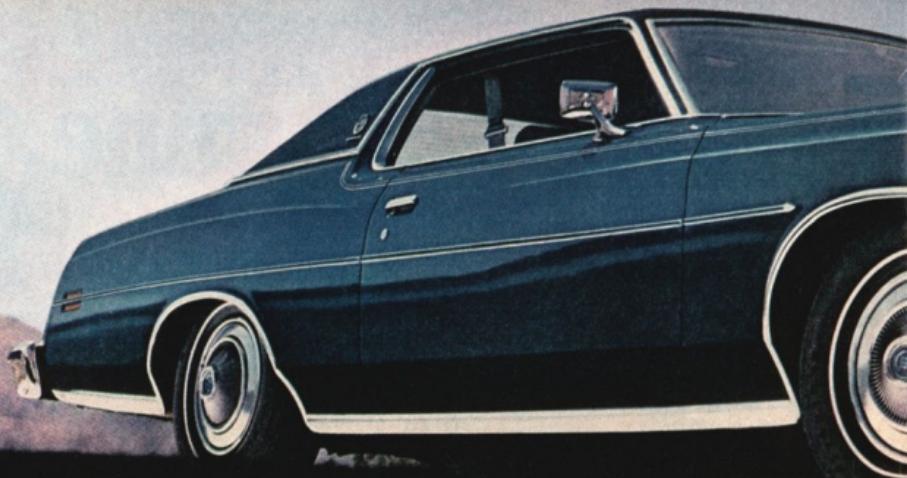


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The lines should be straight and the space around them even and narrow. Check for ease of operation and accessibility of the door handles.

Finally roll down the windows and note the pocketless weather stripping that creates a tight quiet seal.

2. Take a good look at how the hood and trunk join the rest of the body. They should seat flush with the adjoining surfaces with neat even spacing all around. Also examine how the lights, bumpers, grille and other components are joined to the body. The basic rule is tight, smooth fits.



3. Examine the molding and trim. Besides being straight and true, the joints should be smooth.

If you're looking at a car with a vinyl top, that top should fit tight and smooth with no frayed edges or bits of cloth protruding.

4. Notice the luster and high gloss of the paint. And remember, over the life of a Ford the three coats of enamel will continue to hold their luster and gleam.





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5. Sit in the car, feeling for comfort and support. The seat should move easily and lock snugly. Upholstery should have a neat, well-tailored appearance with straight, even seams. Carpeting should be snug fitting, lay close and flat to floor.

Overhead the upholstery should be smooth and well-tailored. You'll note Ford luxury is carried through with a padded ceiling. Finally, note the door trim panels and thickly padded full length arm rests.



6. Check the instrument panel. It should be well-fitted, tight and organized so that accessories, like air conditioning, radio and lighter, are located where either driver or passenger can use them. Fasten the seat belt to make sure all the controls are still easy to reach. The glove compartment should lock snugly, and be rattle-free.



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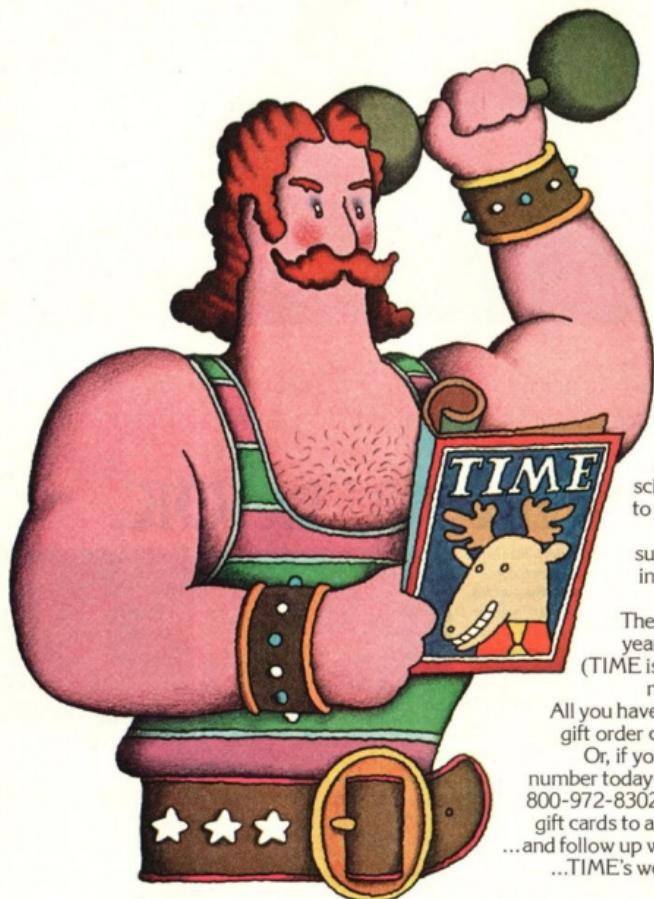
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MIDDLE EAST

First Aid for the Cease-Fire

Rather like a doctor rushing to keep a frail patient alive, U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger returns to the Middle East this week. His mission: to try to inject some vitality into the Arab-Israeli cease-fire he was instrumental in negotiating in early November.

The cease-fire is alive, but barely. The tent at Kilometer 101 on the Cairo-Suez road, where Egyptian and Israeli officers had met to discuss ways of carrying out the cease-fire, remained empty all week. On both the Suez and Syrian fronts, United Nations observers report-

Ensio Siilasvuo, commander of the U.N. Emergency Force, dashed between Cairo and Tel Aviv attempting to break the impasse in the Kilometer 101 talks. He succeeded only in gaining a promise from Israel to be a bit more flexible. This did not satisfy Egypt, whose President, Anwar Sadat, has been under strong pressure from Arab hawks to be tougher.

The Arabs argue, with some justification, that Israel so far has benefited most since the cease-fire. Israel has obtained the release of its P.O.W.s from

rael Defense Minister Moshe Dayan scoffed at the Egyptian saber rattling. "The Egyptian Third Army was broken, and is kept alive by our mercy," he told Siilasvuo. "If the Egyptians want to start the war again, the blood will be on their heads."

Such talk may be no more than martial posturing. Nonetheless, a serious clash of troops would bring to a halt the current momentum toward peace. At his Washington press conference last Thursday, Kissinger expressed considerable concern that because "both sides are in the rear of each other, there is danger of military encirclement." He concluded that "there is a very great need for separation of forces."

If Kissinger pressures Israel to remove some of its troops from the west



HENRY KISSINGER & MOSHE DAYAN IN WASHINGTON

A doctor rushes to keep a patient alive, while armies strain at the leash.

ed increasing numbers of cease-fire violations, including an air duel over the Gulf of Suez fought by Israeli and Egyptian jets. From Tel Aviv and Cairo came warnings that full-fledged hostilities could be resumed at any moment.

Kissinger's trip is aimed at reducing the chances of those hostilities and at making sure that Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Israel show up at the peace conference scheduled to convene on Dec. 18 at Geneva. There they will be joined by the U.S., the Soviet Union and U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. Although Egypt late last week declared that it would attend the Geneva conference, it at first publicly hinted that it might not unless Israel first withdraws some of its troops from the west bank of the Suez Canal. Israel however has refused to budge until Egypt removes most of its troops and firepower from the east bank. This is the main reason why the talks at Kilometer 101 have been deadlocked.

Last week Finland's Lieut. General



SADAT & U.S. AMBASSADOR HERMAN ELTS IN CAIRO

Egypt (although at least 120 remain in Syria). Its troops remain in position to choke off all supplies to Egypt's encircled Third Army; Israel has refused to return to the battle lines of Oct. 22, before the Third Army was encircled. Egypt views this as a serious violation of the cease-fire and as an indication that Israel cannot be trusted to keep its word. Top Egyptian officials hope that Kissinger can help break the deadlock by pressuring Israel to begin a troop withdrawal from the west bank.

At the Leash. If Israel continues to balk, Egypt's Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy said last week, war could again erupt. Egypt's military commanders are said to be "straining at the leash," confident that they could wipe out Israel's west bank salient. Brigadier General Hassan Abu Saada, a commander of part of Egypt's forces on the canal's east bank, boasted that his troops are ready to fight. "Give me an order from Cairo," he exclaimed, "and I'll push on!" Is-

rael, and there is no reciprocal action by the Egyptians, Israel will become increasingly fearful about the Geneva conference, where it must look solely to the U.S. for support. To plead Israel's case, Dayan flew to Washington last week. Israel is very conscious of its diplomatic isolation, of the success with which the Arabs so far have wielded oil as a political weapon, and of the full backing the U.S.S.R. gives the Arabs. Moreover, Israel realizes it is further weakened by its domestic political disunity.

Last week a special meeting of the Labor Party central committee gave Premier Golda Meir an overwhelming vote of confidence, but the 18-hour marathon session betrayed some of the divisions plaguing the country. No sooner had the meeting begun than Deputy Premier Yigal Allon demanded that the whole Cabinet resign. He asserted that the entire Labor Party must accept the responsibility for the mistakes of the war. But some, he said, were more guilty

THE WORLD

than others. That was an undisguised attack on Dayan, who answered: "You can bring my resignation with the smallest hint. I am not glued to my seat."

The Labor Party needs all the unity it can muster as it begins campaigning for the Dec. 31 Knesset (parliament) election. Israeli newspaper polls show Labor fast losing ground to the opposition Likud coalition, which is led by such hawks as Menachem Begin and Major General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon. Until the election returns are in, the Arabs will have no assurance that any compromises made by Israel's present government will be accepted by the next one—especially if Likud makes an impressive showing. Moreover, Israeli delegates will hardly dare take a stance in Geneva that could cost them votes on election day. Thus the conference will convene next week to hear the opening statements of all participants and will then recess until after the elections.

Returning Russians. Meanwhile, Middle East peace will depend on restraint by both sides. Even if there is no resumption of major fighting, Israel seems in for more violence. Last Tuesday a terrorist's grenade exploded in the Old City section of Jerusalem, injuring 20; the following day a bomb exploded in an Israeli bus, wounding 14 and killing one. Both incidents indicate the growing restlessness of the Palestinians living within the Israeli-occupied Arab territories. In the past month at least 60 suspected terrorists have been arrested in Israel for a series of attacks.

One hopeful sign last week in the Middle East was the return to Cairo of the wives and children of Soviet personnel stationed in Egypt. It was their evacuation in early October that presaged the outbreak of the Yom Kippur War. Now, at least, it seems that the Russians have enough faith in the ceasefire to plan the reopening of the Soviet school in Cairo at the start of next year.

EUROPE

Toward the Summit of Truth

"At the Copenhagen summit," said a top-ranking American diplomat last week, "Europe will make its declaration of independence." That prediction is potentially true, possibly exaggerated. A Liberty Bell will not be rung in Copenhagen, but the statement of principles that is expected to come out of an extraordinary meeting of Western Europe's heads of government this week may one day be considered as symbolically important to Europeans as the Declaration of Independence is to Americans. A generation after the end of World War II, Western Europe seems determined to begin charting its own course—independent of the U.S.

Europeans have often been vexed before by their dependence on the U.S., but never quite so annoyed as to agree on common policies. A combination of events—the Middle East war, the oil shortage, détente and what Europeans consider American arrogance—may, however, be the catalyst that brings unity. "We have lost a decade in European unity," says an aide to French President Georges Pompidou. "But because of the Middle East war we are moving once again. Europe has always advanced only in crises and never in calm. Copenhagen will be the summit of truth to see whether or not there is the political will for Europe to go forward."

The Copenhagen summit was set up within 24 hours after Pompidou proposed it last month. To underscore its urgency, the day-and-a-half meeting has been stripped of the usual bureaucratic trappings, so that the discussion can proceed, as French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert phrases it, "without constraints, without procedure and with an open heart." The nine heads of govern-

ment will meet alone in a Copenhagen exposition hall, with only their translators. To achieve intimacy, as well as to preserve secrecy, even their dinners will be small affairs; the heads of government will dine in one room while the Foreign Ministers eat in another. There will be no formal agenda—for this will be what the French call an informal, "fireside" summit—merely a list of topics. Among them:

THE MIDDLE EAST AND OIL. Far more hurt by the Arab oil cutback than the U.S., the Europeans are outraged that no European country has been invited to the Geneva peace conference. The British and the French are particularly frustrated. Britain once considered the Middle East almost its own; France, since Charles de Gaulle, has been consistently pro-Arab. Both countries nonetheless find themselves now suffering from the oil shortages.

In a spirit of near-desperation, Jobert, who recently complained that the superpowers had treated Europe like a "nonperson" in the Middle East negotiations, last month suggested a conference between the Arabs and the Europeans, without American or Russian participation. The Arabs, however, have not yet responded.

Besides feeling left out, some Europeans believe that the U.S. seriously bungled in the Middle East. The Germans insist that they gave Washington notice last March that the Arabs were ready to negotiate peace—or go to war. "Washington dragged its feet," says one Bonn official. "We sent people to Washington to explain the situation. We were ignored. The Americans said we had to wait until after the Israeli election (originally scheduled for Oct. 30). We told them that the Arabs wouldn't wait, that it was a war situation again. They didn't listen." Washington, for its part, argues that there was no clear evidence of another Middle East war.

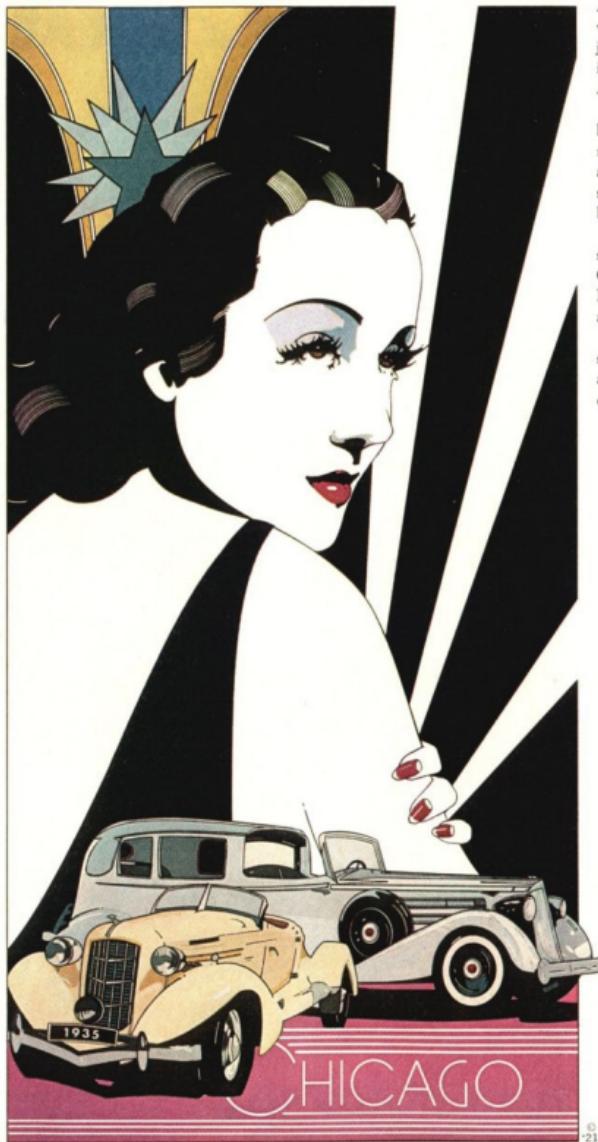
EAST-WEST DÉTENTE. The European distrust of détente—as defined by Washington and Moscow—goes every week. The French believe that, at best, the relaxation of tensions allows the superpowers to carve up the world into neat spheres of influence, and, at worst, that it is pure collusion based on raw power. The outspoken French attitude has angered the Russians who find a similarity between the Paris line and Peking's. As a result, a chill has come over the Paris-Moscow friendship so carefully nurtured by De Gaulle, and the French are busily strengthening neglected ties within the Common Market.

THE ATLANTIC ALLIANCE. At the same time that the French are turning more toward their neighbors and allies, other European countries are turning to the gospel as written by Charles de Gaulle—at least as far as the U.S. is con-

EUROPEAN DEFENSE MINISTERS AT NATO MEETING IN BRUSSELS



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cerned. De Gaulle never trusted the Americans; some other Western European nations, which once thought that he was espousing divisive heresy, now tend to believe that he was right. Particularly disturbing was the worldwide alert of American armed forces during the supposed confrontation with the Soviet Union in October. The Europeans are still not sure that the U.S. did everything it could have to inform them.

The Europeans now take it for granted that American troops will one day be withdrawn from the Continent. For the first time—belatedly—they are thinking about the unthinkable: what they will do then. There is some talk of a common European defense policy, outside of NATO. The Europeans are now seriously studying how they would build a truly credible Continental nuclear deterrent in the 1980s.

Mistrust of the U.S. has been a long time growing, but it has gained sudden force within the last year. The political assassinations and riots of the '60s, together with the undertone of violence in the U.S., had already shaken confidence in the stability of American society. The twin disasters of Viet Nam and Watergate have raised serious doubts about the quality of American leadership. These events, coupled with the decline of the dollar, have raised questions about the viability of the alliance with the U.S. Europeans are under no misconceptions about their own meager military strength, but they do feel that they can no longer rely so heavily on their principal transatlantic ally.

Eroding Reputation. The Europeans are also angry about the Nixon-Kissinger policy toward Europe itself. A year ago, Kissinger was regarded with awe in the capitals of the Old World, but his reputation is eroding—often for petty reasons and without understanding that the real issues go deeper than personality. In a typical remark, a member of the Belgian Cabinet says: "Maybe it's because of his European background, but he thinks he has to be tough with us to prove himself to Americans. It's like the convert becoming more Catholic than the Pope."

The U.S., of course, has some complaints about its allies; one of them is that Western Europe has largely itself to blame for the present plight. American taxpayers have long been forced to bear a disproportionate share of NATO defense. The weakness of the dollar can be blamed in part on overseas expenses involved in keeping American troops on European front lines. Kissinger, moreover, has long argued that Europe should speak with one voice rather than nine—one of his key points in calling for a new Atlantic charter. Both Europe and the U.S. would benefit, he has said, if Europe were less dependent on Washington. If Europe was not treated like an equal in Middle East negotiations, or anywhere else, it is mainly because it is in fact not an equal. The major European countries are simply no longer

world powers as they were until World War II; a united Western Europe with accepted leadership and coherent policy could be a world power, but that is precisely what Western Europe has failed to achieve.

Both sides of the Atlantic are somewhat apprehensive about the summit. Washington knows that a unified Europe might oppose the U.S. as often as it agrees with it. The Europeans realize that independence may be now or never, and they are frightened of either prospect. "External pressures can push us to faster and better progress," explains a French official. "But if the challenge is too great, it can also destroy."

DENMARK

Anti-Welfare Revolution

Scandinavia for years has been the model for democratic socialism, with cradle-to-grave welfare systems that assure everybody of life's essentials. The price, of course, has been enormous bureaucracies, staggering tax rates and an inevitable loss of individual initiative. For some Scandinavians, the socialist dream has turned into a nightmare. Last September, voters in Sweden (pop. 8,132,000) nearly threw out their socialist government after 41 years in power, and elections in Norway (pop. 3,930,000) diminished a longtime socialist majority. Last week tiny Denmark (pop. 4,963,000) was on the verge of political crisis as the voters repudiated the ruling Social Democrats and four other established parties. Representatives of five new parties were elected to the Folketing (Parliament), which is now hopelessly fragmented.

The most heavily taxed of all industrialized people, the Danes—or a large minority of them, anyway—were apparently driven to the breaking point by a government proposal to do away with deductions for interest payments on mortgages and installment buying, a step that would have reduced even further their small take-home pay.

Showing their contempt for the politicians who had been running Denmark for the past 28 years, many Danes voted for a party that literally hopes to dismantle the government. Headed by Mogens Glistrup, a maverick millionaire lawyer who boasts that he has paid no income tax for the past six years (TIME, April 9), the Progress Party wants to get rid of large numbers of Denmark's 600,000 civil servants until the country is freed from their "paper fiddling."

Abolish Taxes. Somewhat light-heartedly, Glistrup has suggested that his country could live without its Foreign and Defense ministries. "Denmark cannot defend itself," he says. "Instead of an army, we should substitute an automatic telephone-answering service that, in case of invasion, replies in Russian: 'We surrender.'" He wants to abolish all income taxes for those who make

\$10,000 or less. "Only fools pay income tax," Glistrup once said. "There is no bigger crime against society than paying income tax."

Glistrup does not even like the idea of having a Prime Minister, and thinks that any Danish government could get by with eight instead of the present 20 ministers. What post would he like? Minister for the Abolition of Bureaucracy, of course. Simplistic and nonsensical as his platform sounds, almost 500,000 of Denmark's 3 million voters chose it, making the Progress Party, with 28 of the Folketing's 179 seats, the country's second largest.

Shattered by the election, in which the Social Democrats lost 24 seats, Prime

AP



GLISTRUP HOLDING CHRISTMAS TREE
No taxes and a quick surrender.

Minister Anker Jørgensen announced that he would resign. With characteristic brashness, Glistrup suggested to Queen Margrethe II that she appoint him to head a new government, even though none of the other nine parties had pledged him enough support to form anything close to a majority coalition. In fact, Glistrup is so disliked by other politicians that he was given the silent treatment when he entered the Folketing for the first time last week.

Whatever government is chosen, no one expects it to last very long. Denmark, in short, last week came as close to a revolution as that peaceful, cautious nation has been since Hamlet put the sword to Claudius at Elsinore.

BRITAIN

The Miracle Worker

If Ulster was the first trial by fire for the Tory government of Prime Minister Edward Heath, Britain's economic crisis has now clearly become the second. A perennial cold-weather cycle of labor unrest, coupled with a diminished flow of oil from the Middle East, threatens Britons with their most difficult winter in years. It also threatens to destroy Heath's anti-inflationary plans for ushering Britain into a new era of smooth expansion.

Last week Heath named William Whitelaw, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland since 1972, his new Secretary of Employment. It was a popular and promising choice. Whitelaw had been directly responsible for taking Ulster from the edge of civil war to an entirely new form of government in which Catholics as well as Protestants truly share power. A few days after the appointment, representatives from Britain, the Irish Republic and Northern Ireland sat down for their first, historic talks on a Council of Ireland. But the robust figure who made it possible was absent: William Whitelaw had a new war on his hands.

"Gentlemen, good morning. Can we agree on what day it is?" Thus, with a huge grin, did "Willie" Whitelaw often begin his morning conferences with Ulster's disputatious politicians. Marvelled John Hume, Minister of Commerce in Ulster's new coalition, last week: "You went in angry to see him, and you always came out wondering why you never got the boot in." Added Deputy Chief Executive Gerry Fitt, leader of the Social Democratic and Labor Party: "He had an effective English slice of Irish charm."

Understanding the Irish to the satisfaction of the Irish was no mean feat for a relatively unknown English politician who had spent virtually his entire career in the back corridors of parliamentary life. A former Scots Guards officer, Whitelaw was raised on his grandfather's estate in Scotland, sent to Winchester and Cambridge, where he "got his blue" in golf. At 55, he has a reserve of charm as large as his hulking, 220-lb. frame and a rumpled warmth about him. His suits never hang quite right, and his booming voice sometimes takes on a pained edge, as if its owner were mortally wounded. The overall effect is immensely winning. Admits one member of Labor's Shadow Cabinet: "He has the only unrehearsed face in the entire Tory government."

Whitelaw once summed up his personal and political style by admitting: "I rather like to be liked." When he first arrived in Ulster, he threw open the doors of his office in Stormont Castle to politicians and community delegations. "I know you expect me to fail," he candidly told a small group of skeptical journalists. "All I can say is that I will do

my best not to." Once, when a delegation from the Protestant paramilitary Ulster Defense Association appeared, ominously clad in dark glasses and combat uniforms, Whitelaw casually offered them afternoon tea. He scandalized Protestants by flying members of the Provisional Irish Republican Army to a secret meeting at a borrowed house in London's fashionable Chelsea district. Observes the Alliance Party's Bob Cooper: "Whitelaw had the ability to search through an argument with a microscope, find a tiny germ of agreement and enlarge on it."

Although Whitelaw is clearly regarded now as a potential rival to Heath as Tory leader, the two men share a rare personal and political trust in each other. (It was Whitelaw who politely took Sir Alec Douglas-Home by the arm eight years ago and suggested that the time

16½%, the maximum allowed under the government's Phase III wage and price control program.

► A work slowdown by train motormen, which has reduced some rush-hour services by 80% and put additional strains on gas-short motorists.

► A six-week-old job action by electrical engineers that has affected power supplies and forced voltage cuts.

► Limited job actions by 3 million other workers, including ambulance drivers, provincial journalists, London teachers and government clerks.

Whitelaw has told friends that he firmly intends to avoid "trench warfare" with the unions. He is expected to place emphasis on regular contact between the ministry and the unions, including conciliation and arbitration in wage disputes, rather than on crisis sessions at No. 10 Downing Street, which have so often ended disastrously. "If he can make Unionists smile and Catholics trust the British, then maybe he can do something for the miners," declared one union official. "Right now, it will take something in the nature of a miracle." But then that seems to be Willie Whitelaw's specialty.

Evening News—PICTORIAL PARADE



EMPLOYMENT SECRETARY WHITELAW
An unrehearsed face.

had come for him to resign as Conservative leader in favor of a younger man, who turned out to be Ted Heath.) But where Heath can be too clever for his own good, Whitelaw has learned how to use a natural and unassuming directness as a source of trust.

As usual, Whitelaw began his new job last week by saying little about it in public. But he quietly began setting up appointments with leading union officials. In style alone, Whitelaw's frankness and disarming candor are a marked change from a government that, from Heath down, often comes off sounding like Pollyanna at the darkest moments. Speaking in Parliament last week, Whitelaw said: "I have no illusions whatsoever about the difficulties in front of us." Among those difficulties:

► A refusal to work overtime by Britain's 270,000 coal miners, which has caused a 30% drop in production. The miners have rejected a pay raise of

The Men Who Watched The Planes Go By

Plane spotting, like collecting train numbers and automobile license plates, is one of those eccentric pastimes that the British love. Robert Curtis, 24, and Edward Paul Mason, 23, had been members of plane-spotting clubs since they were teenagers. In late September they took leave of their jobs in London and went to Yugoslavia. There they spent six days driving about the country, stopping at a dozen airfields to jot down registrations, types and numbers of all the aircraft they saw.

The two young hobbyists had almost completed their project when a Yugoslav civilian spotted them standing in the bushes outside a busy military airfield at Mostar, looking at the planes with binoculars. He called the police, who promptly arrested them and charged them with espionage. Curtis and Mason, police said, also had in their possession a large telescope, a short-wave radio capable of monitoring aircraft communications and a tape recorder. They also had several notebooks full of data about Yugoslavia's airfields, which were being used by Soviet planes to fly supplies to Syria and Egypt during the Middle East war.

Denying that there had been anything sinister about their activity, the two Britons insisted that they were innocently plane-spotting. "It's just a hobby, like collecting stamps or old coins," said Mason at his trial in Sarajevo last week. The Yugoslav judges were not persuaded. They found the two young Britons guilty of spying and sentenced them each to four years in prison.

FRANCE

Bugging the Duck

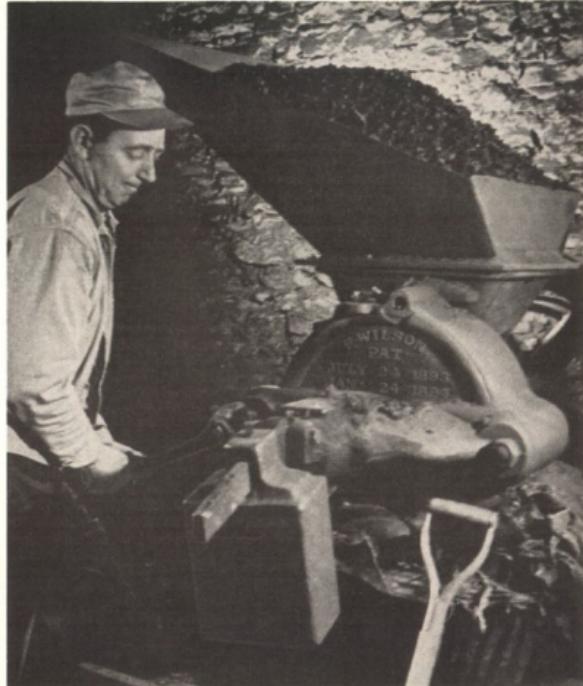
The headline in France's satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* (The Chained Duck) was printed in big red type last week, and it read: WATERGATE *au CANARD*. To the delight of the editors, one of *Le Canard's* cartoonists, André Escaro, had stumbled on an attempt to install bugging devices in the paper's new offices. The result: a scoop that had the government embarrassedly denying any knowledge of the affair, opposition Deputies demanding explanations in the National Assembly—and a sale of 660,000 copies for *Le Canard*, 210,000 more than the usual run.

As Escaro told it, he happened to be passing the paper's new premises at 173 rue St-Honoré when he noticed flashlight beams coming from the third-floor office of the managing director. Investigating, he found three workers in blue overalls and two other men in street clothes who explained that they were installing the heating; Escaro, however, happened to recall that the work had been done three weeks earlier.

Scandal Details. "I felt the atmosphere become tense," he said. "I thought I had better get out of here quick." Dashing downstairs, Escaro heard a voice come over a walkie-talkie held by a uniformed cop in front of the doorway. "Hello, hello, No. 2. Follow the guy who has come out. We've got to get out of here. Every man for himself." Escaro returned later with several *Canard* colleagues. The raiders had disappeared, but left evidence of their night's effort, which was duly photographed and published.

Le Canard, which has been twitting French governments for years by printing juicy details of scandals involving political figures, promptly pinned the break-in on Minister of the Interior Raymond Marcellin whose office is responsible for all authorized wiretapping in the country. Marcellin's Ministry professed ignorance of the incident. But few Frenchmen were totally convinced. For one thing, a Senate investigating committee reported last month that the telephones of 1,500 to 5,000 people in France were tapped every day on a permanent or spot basis—most without a court order and thus illegally. For another, *Le Canard* was publicizing the anti-wiretapping campaign, which had been stalled by the government's refusal to cooperate with Senate investigators.

Opposition spokesmen were indignant. Said Radical-Socialist Senator Henri Caillalet: "Three weeks ago, I said on television that if the government leaders didn't watch out, we would soon find ourselves in a police state. Now, apparently, we are in one." *Le Canard*, however, did not lose its satirical cool. On the front page of its "Watergaffe" issue, the editors jokingly boasted: "Read *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the most listened-to newspaper in France."



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AFRICA

A Deadly New Year

The wrinkled old Tuareg looked out across the windblown desert surrounding the squalid refugee camp near the Niger capital of Niamey, where he and 5,000 others now live. "This year," he said, "it was the animals that died. Most of us managed to survive. But next year, unless Allah is most merciful, it will be our turn to die."

Sadly, there is very little likelihood that Allah will be any more merciful next year than he has been throughout 1973. Mohammed Ibrahim may be alive, but starvation and disease on the three-month trek from drought-ravaged Mali to Niger cost him all his cattle and camels and a third of his family. Now he is destitute, living in a stark hut made of hides. The Niger Red Cross manages to provide him with 150 grams of food per day, which, according to U.N. officials, can only sustain life for a short time.

Despite massive international relief efforts, the worst drought in recorded African history has thus far claimed perhaps as many as 100,000 lives in northern Nigeria and in the "Sahel," or sub-Saharan, nations of Mauritania, Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Niger and Chad. More than 1,000,000 hungry nomads are roaming the Sahel, surrounding its cities in a futile search for food. Nomads in Chad have been forced to eat leaves and bark to stay alive. In Nigeria's parched Northeast, villagers pillage ant-hills to get at grain kernels that the ants have stored away.

The drought area stretches across the entire waist of Africa, from Mau-

ritania in the west to Ethiopia in the east. In Ethiopia, more than 50,000 have died of starvation. Many mothers have had to sacrifice their weakest children by drawing emergency food rations for them and then using the food to feed the others. So great is the catastrophe, says one local priest, that the traditional public weeping and wailing for the dead has been abandoned; the people have lost the will to cry.

Ethiopia's case is the saddest of all because many of the deaths could have been avoided. Last January, when officials brought word of imminent starvation among peasants to one provincial governor, he disciplined them for their "negative attitude." He also refused to press Addis Ababa for aid, for fear of embarrassing a government that was pushing tourism. The result was widespread starvation and an initial reluctance on the part of international agencies to send food; U.N. officials assumed that Ethiopia was suffering far less than the Sahel states.

Swollen Stomachs. The prognosis for Ethiopia and the sub-Saharan countries is for an equally grim and dry new year. The little rain that did fall this year came late and ended early, preventing a full fall harvest of millet and sorghum that might have saved some lives. Relief efforts are continuing, and in Ethiopia some food is belatedly getting to the impoverished northern provinces. But in the refugee camps thousands of children with matchstick legs, protruding ribs and swollen stomachs continue to die of malnutrition. A new woe was added last week when swarms of locusts began eating their way through much of Chad and northern Nigeria, reducing the meager supply of food still further.

A GROUP OF ETHIOPIANS, THEIR FACES GAUNT & HOLLOW FROM HUNGER, AWAIT AID AT A REFUGEE CAMP

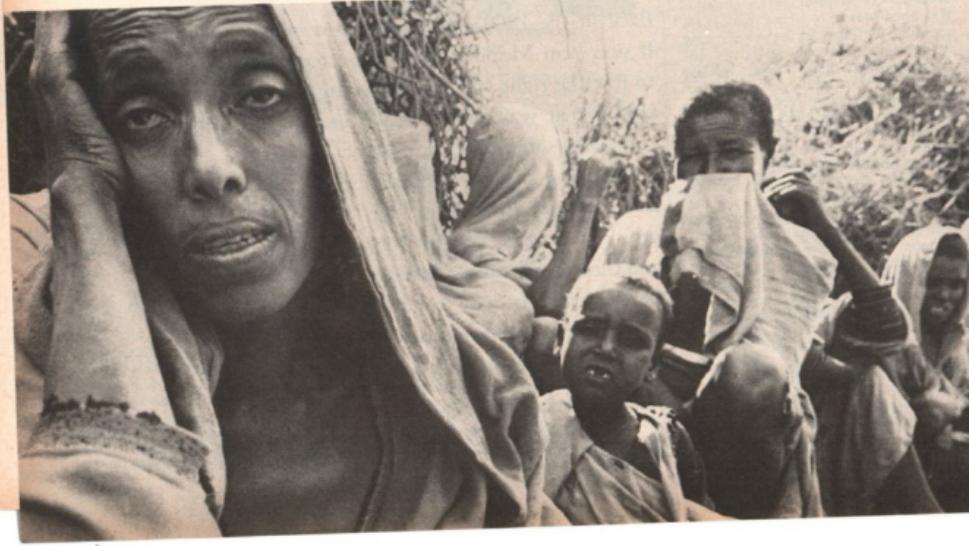
PAPUA NEW GUINEA

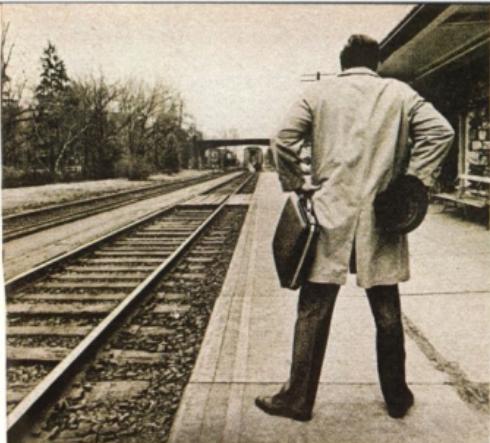
Out of the Stone Age

The birthday of the world's latest self-governing nation was a subdued, almost furtive occasion. Joy was restrained, to say the least, and so were the celebrations. Pubs and clubs in all of Papua New Guinea were closed not only on Dec. 1, the first day of self-rule, but also on the days preceding and following the historic event. The passage of power was officially marked only by a brief ceremony in the capital of Port Moresby, where the Australian administrator changed his title to high commissioner, the equivalent of ambassador.

"We wanted to play it cool," explained the nation's new leader, Chief Minister Michael Somare, 37, a former teacher and journalist. "Some people thought that self-government meant they could take over plantations and other things. We did not want to encourage such thoughts by overexcitement or too much celebration."

Somare's caution was understandable. Papua New Guinea has a fair claim to being the world's most backward nation. Its 2,600,000 people, spread over an area somewhat larger than California, are divided into 702 tribes and speak perhaps as many languages. In the past year there were at least 20 known battles between tribes fighting with spears, clubs, bows and arrows in disputes over land, pigs and women, in approximately that order. A lingering appetite for cannibalism is suspected in the remote interior, where Stone Age conditions prevail. Witch doctors still thrive and sorcery is practiced. The cargo cults, a weird blend of religious faith and economic frustration, claim 60,000 mem-





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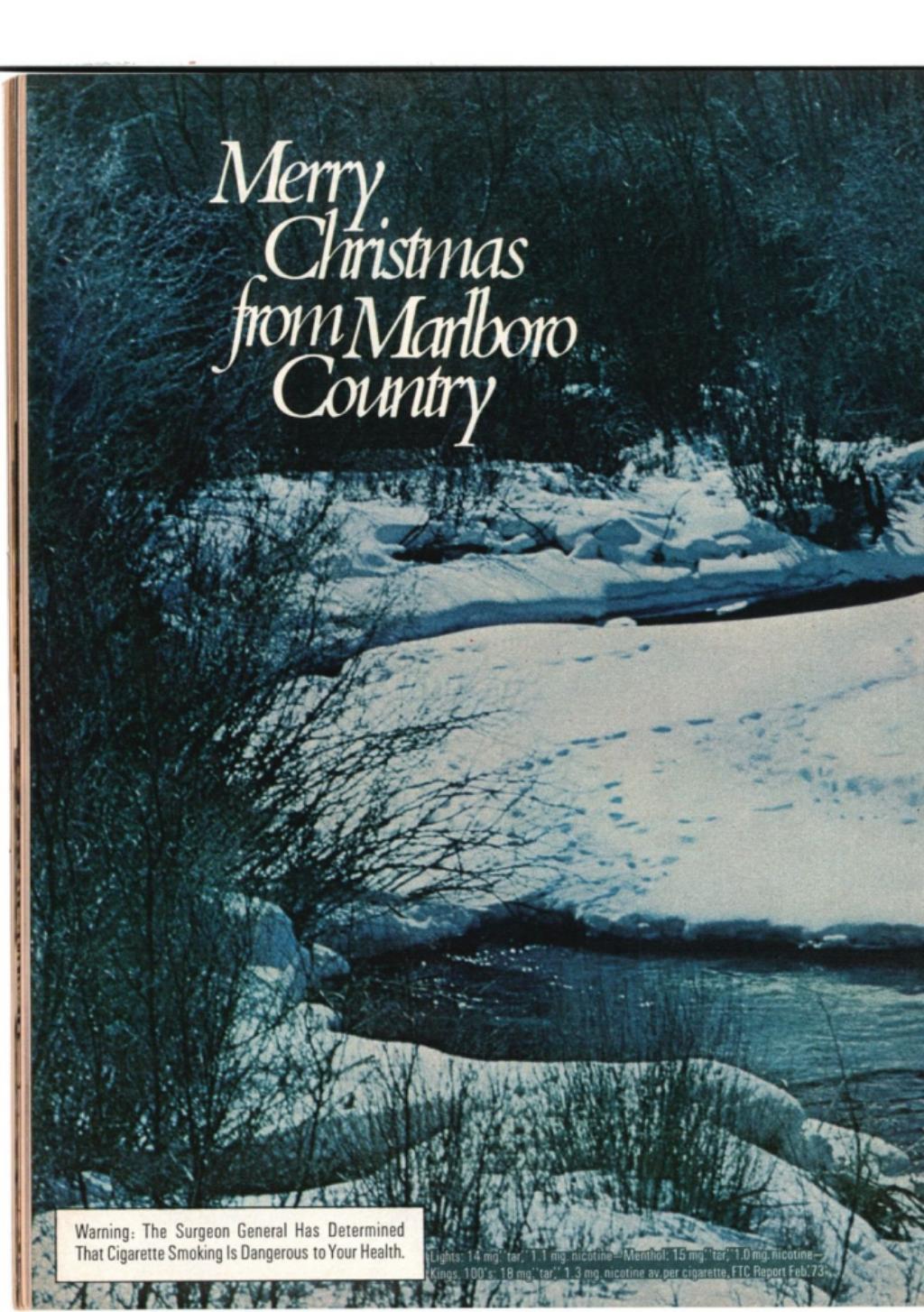
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*Merry
Christmas
from Marlboro
Country*

A blue-toned photograph of a snowy landscape. In the foreground, bare trees with intricate, tangled branches are silhouetted against a bright, snow-covered ground. The background shows rolling hills and mountains under a hazy, overcast sky, creating a serene and classic winter scene.

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CITIZENS OF WORLD'S NEWEST NATION IN CEREMONIAL GARB
In the highlands, independence was not popular.

bers. They believe that they can acquire such desirable Western luxuries as radios and canned beer by practicing certain rites like assembling on mountaintops, where they construct mock airplanes and await the gifts from heaven.

In short, for most citizens of Papua New Guinea, the concept of self-rule is either meaningless or misunderstood. When one tribesman heard that the gift of self-government was to be bestowed upon the people, he sought out his representative in Parliament and asked for three—one for himself, one for his wife and one for his son.

Alien Notions. Full independence for Papua New Guinea, scheduled for some time around the end of next year, is even more difficult to grasp; it involves such alien notions as defense and foreign affairs, which are now administered by Australia. But the Australians clearly are eager to shed their responsibilities as soon as possible. They inherited Papua from Britain in 1906 and took New Guinea from Germany in World War I, administering it in recent years as a U.N. trustee. Together, the two territories constitute the eastern half of the world's second largest island (after Greenland); the rest is the Indonesian province of Irian Jaya.

The first real move toward independence came in March 1972 when 1.5 million eligible voters, mainly illiterate, chose among 611 candidates for the 100 seats of the House of Assembly. A coalition formed by Somare's party, the Pangu Pati (pidgin for the Papua New Guinea Party) won control with 59 seats, drawing its main strength from the people of the coastal cities, whose education and contact with the outside world had enabled them to lead an independence movement. But the more primitive highlanders in the interior fear exploitation by their coastal brethren and distrust self-government.

Another problem is that many of the island's 43,000 foreign residents—principally Australians and Chinese traders,

whose skills are needed—have been leaving in increasing numbers. They fear the kind of bloody anarchy that swept the Congo after it gained independence in 1960. Among the portents: a rising rate of urban crime, squatter slums and the occasional stoning of whites. There have been reports that some tribesmen are already picking out white-owned houses and autos they expect to get when total independence comes.

Chief Minister Somare also must deal with budding separatism on a larger scale. Papuans, for instance, charge that Australian aid—\$760 million over the past five years—has gone mostly to New Guinea. Temps grew so hot over this issue recently that a two-day riot broke out at the annual Papua v. New Guinea soccer match. On the island of Bougainville, which is part of the new nation, there is a growing feeling that the islanders should get a greater share of the \$150 million in profits expected this year from an immense Australian-operated copper mine.

Yet there are grounds for optimism. Australian High Commissioner Leslie W. Johnson points out that because of its fractionalization, no single tribe dominates even one region. The new nation has a good Australian-trained police and an army recruited from all over the country. Already an exporter of copper and gold, the country is rich in other minerals and may even have oil. Japanese businessmen are busily exploring the rich potentialities of this territory—some 30 years after the imperial army lost 150,000 lives in a futile attempt to seize it by force.

Somare bristles at the suggestion that Papua New Guinea may not be ready for independence. "We are civilized in our own way," he says tersely. "We are a people with our own pride and culture. Are we primitive because our women don't cover their breasts and our men don't wear trousers? This is our way. This is our society."



ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, \$3.50



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Patients' Rights and the Quality of Medical Care

It is fitting not merely that he [the physician] should possess a knowledge of diseases and their remedies but also that he should be one who may safely be trusted to apply those remedies. Character is as important a qualification as knowledge.

—Supreme Court of the U.S. (1898)

Each year in the U.S. thousands of patients die needlessly, or needlessly soon, or have the quality of their remaining life irreparably damaged because they have received incompetent medical care. In the vast majority of cases, neither a suffering survivor nor a next of kin has any recourse. Although malpractice suits now jam the courts, a malpractice award is no remedy; it cannot restore lost health or life or limb.

In this respect, as in many others, medicine stands alone among the professions. Poor performance by a tax accountant, an architect, or a tort lawyer can usually be expressed in terms of dollars, which any layman can understand. Not so with medicine. The cliché has it that medicine is as much art as science. Granted, the art part is intangible and immeasurable. But much of the science part of medicine remains largely hit or miss. One doctor will prescribe twice as much of a potent antibiotic as another, or prescribe a needlessly dangerous drug. One surgeon will hurry to operate, while another will say, "This child will outgrow the problem," and spare the knife.

However they may disagree, many doctors are brilliant and dedicated and most are at least competent, practicing in accordance with medical ethics and standards. But the size of the minority who are incompetent, unethical or both is unknown. Too few standards of ethics or practice have been set, and that many doctors will strenuously resist any attempt to strengthen or enforce them became evident last week in an anti-standards revolt within the American Medical Association.

Because surgeons' work is more tangible and precise, surgery was the first area of medicine to come under critical scrutiny. For a half-century, the American College of Surgeons has condemned operations by insufficiently qualified surgeons, for splitting between surgeons and the physicians who send them patients, and needless surgery. But while the college's professed policies are unimpeachably correct, effectiveness and enforcement are another matter. The college expels few of its errant members and does not publish the names of those expelled. Even after expulsion, a doctor can continue to practice "cut

more, make more" surgery until some remote state board lifts his license—if it ever does. In fact, many state boards have not revoked a single license in years. As for character, the states set no precise standards, and Washington unfrocks a doctor convicted of income tax fraud, while Maryland lets him keep his license.

Horror stories like that of California's drug-popping Surgeon John Nork (TIME, Dec. 10), while mercifully rare, are not rare enough. Indeed, there is a broad spectrum of incompetent and unwarranted surgery. One reason for the spate of sterilizing hysterectomies and other dubious operations may be simply that there are too many surgeons. The U.S. has twice as many in proportion to population as Great Britain—and Americans undergo twice as many operations as Britons. Yet, on the average, they die younger.

Of the 5,000 U.S. hospitals where surgery is performed, perhaps 4,500



ASCLEPIUS



MERCURY
Myriad questions, few answers.

have a watchdog peer review or "tissue committee." If an undue proportion of the organs removed by a surgeon are found healthy, he gets rapped over the knuckles and is expected to reform. But too many tissue committees are far too lenient. Knowing the imprecision of medicine and their own fallibility, the members are apt to say "There but for the grace of God go I," and let the matter drop.

In the nonsurgical areas, medical practice is still more imprecise. Many a diagnosis presents real difficulties. But since many cases of appendicitis are missed (some with fatal results) and so many heart attacks are misdiagnosed as indigestion, the gun-shy doctor freely orders batteries of tests to reinforce his diagnosis. With so much medical care now at least partially covered by some form of insurance, few doctors bother to reckon on what these tests will cost.

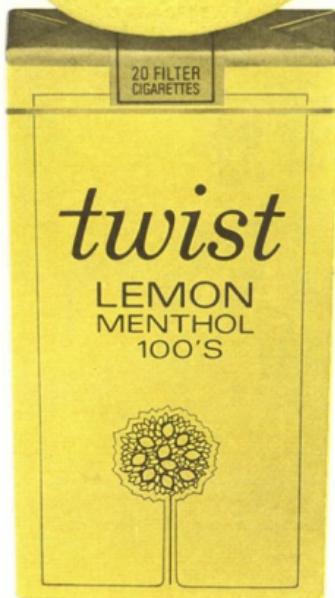
In any attempt to judge the quality of care, myriad questions arise, most of them unanswerable in any concrete terms. How good is this doctor? How good was his school? How good was his

hospital training? Has he kept up with medical progress? The last is the easiest to answer. Often he has not, because there is no prod beyond his own conscience for him to do so. The American Academy of Family Physicians requires its 35,000 members to take 150 hours of refresher courses in every three years and annually expels about 350 for failure to do so. But this does not keep these men from practicing.

There are other vital questions. Is this doctor conscientiously dedicated to giving the best possible care to his patients? Or is he giving merely routine—or worse—care to as many patients as he can crowd into a day's appointments, for all the cash he can collect? Here, clearly, the answers involve the most subjective value judgments. With rare exceptions, conscience and cash-consciousness are mixed in widely varying proportions. The one-snake staff of Aesculapius the healer—the official emblem of the American Medical Association—is obviously in conflict with the two-serpent caduceus of Mercury, the god of commerce. Although medical ethics has long been the subject of resounding rhetoric, it has not been effectively taught in medical schools. William Curran, Harvard Professor of Legal Medicine, says: "For years, medical ethics was more etiquette than ethics. Students were taught how doctors shouldn't advertise and shouldn't discuss other physicians when talking to patients. What Harvard is offering now is a one-year interschool program in medical ethics that is much more about patients' rights, about the patients' equity in medical care."

It is the costs of medical care that have made medical ethics and medical quality national issues. Medicare and Medicaid, along with smaller programs for maternal and child health care, have poured hundreds of millions of dollars into doctors' pockets and hospitals' coffers. To make sure that the Federal Government is getting its money's worth for the \$18 billion it now pays out annually for health care, Utah's Senator Wallace F. Bennett, no radical, but a pinchpenny conservative Republican, attached amendments to last year's Social Security Act. They set up Professional Standards Review Organizations (PSROs), which are to be composed exclusively of physicians (doctors of medicine or of osteopathy), recruited mainly from state and county medical societies. There is no provision for any layman or consumer representation. The legislation, which becomes effective Jan. 1, gives the PSROs two years in which to draw up "norms"

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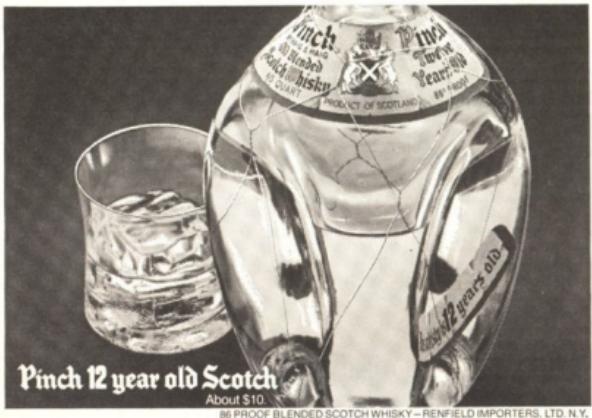
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ESSAY

for the kind and cost of care usually given in their area for 350 different conditions. After January 1976, any doctor who wants to get paid through a federally supported medical program will first have to sign up with a PSRO and adhere to its norms in regard to fees and plans of treatment.

The law clearly precludes any lay interference in the practice of medicine. PSROs will be a system of doctors policing doctors. The essential difference between this and the present non-system is that the policing becomes compulsory for federally financed care. True, Bennett's plan would create overwhelming paper work and a new bureaucracy, which costs money. But New York City's monitoring of doctors' Medicaid billings has saved millions of dollars at a relatively small administrative cost.

When Bennett first introduced his PSRO plan, the A.M.A. opposed it—just as it had long opposed Medicare. With the Medicare defeat fresh in its memory, the A.M.A. hierarchy decided to string along with PSROs but to try to get the law amended to relax some provisions that it considers onerous.

That seemed reasonable. But at the A.M.A.'s semiannual convention in Anaheim, Calif., last week, the vocal majority of the 3,179 members attending were unequivocally against PSROs. Amid calls to preserve traditional liberties and the secrecy of doctor-patient relationships, some observers heard a jarring undertone of "The patient be damned." As hyperbole and passion carried the day, the embarrassed A.M.A. leadership was forced to accept a schizophrenic compromise under which it will both try to get the PSRO law repealed and at the same time try to get it amended.

A man who is not yet over 65 or indigent may ask, "How would PSROs affect me?" The answer is, not at all—immediately. But if the quality and costs of care and the ethics of practitioners were effectively monitored for Medicare and Medicaid, there would soon be irresistible public pressure to apply the modest protection of enforced professional review to all medical care.

As Dr. Clement Brown, director of medical education at Chicago's Mercy Hospital, sees it, "The profession so far has done nothing for the patients who don't actually get hurt by poor care but who don't get the best treatment either. Now the Federal Government has said that if we don't provide quality care they're not going to pay for it. They have given us a last chance to discipline ourselves, and the funds to pay for it." At Anaheim, the A.M.A. flubbed one chance. Whether it will get another chance is in the lap of Congress. Medicine may be the last forum in which the voice of the consumer makes itself heard. But eventually it must and will be heard, since the ultimate consumer is the patient—and it is on the patient that the profession practices.

■ Gilbert Cant

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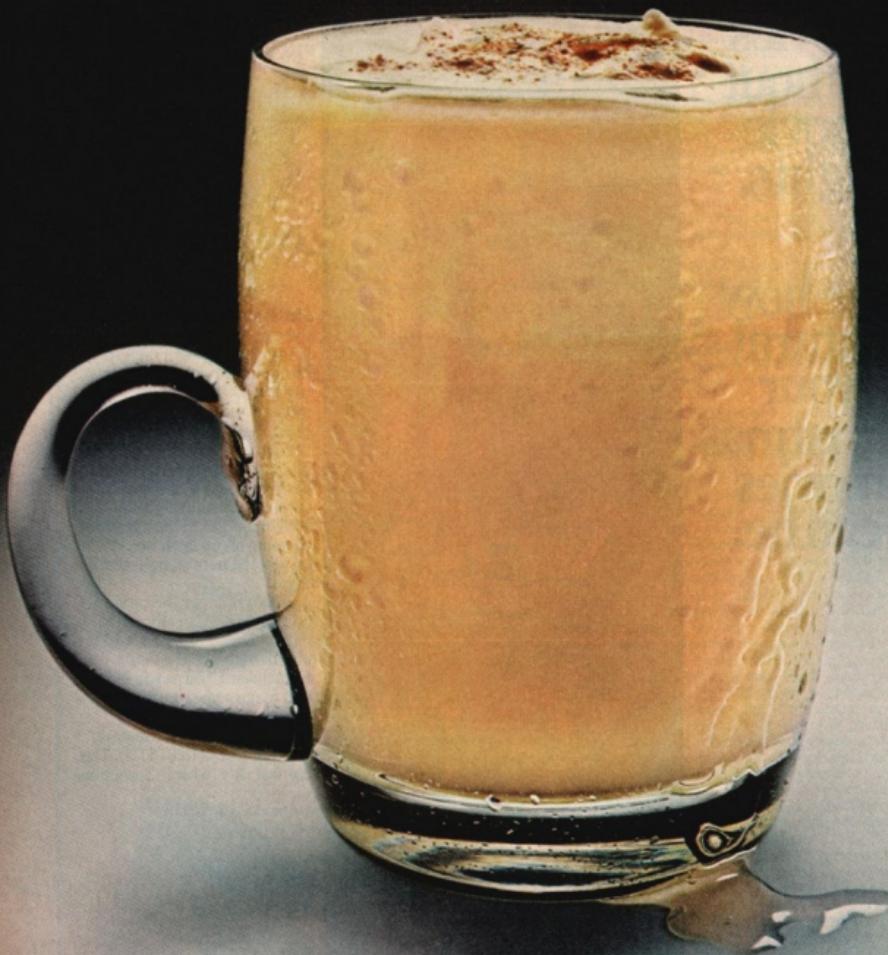
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can use as much electricity as a town of 10,000.

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WALLACE ON CAMERA WITH WALTERS

A healthy-looking and cheerful **George Wallace**, 54, was on a sojourn in a bastion of what he has called the pointyheads who can't park a bicycle straight: New York City. After accepting a Freedom Award from the right-wing Order of Lafayette, Wallace visited his doctor, Ling Sun Chu, a Manhattan internist, then taped a program for Barbara Walters' TV series, *Not for Women Only*. The subject: the acupuncture treatments he has received from Dr. Chu to ease discomfort caused by his paralyzed legs. Perhaps conscious that a Chinese medical technique might seem exotic to Middle Americans, Wallace hastened to give the administrator of the treatments solid and yes, American credentials. "Dr. Chu," he said, "is a Western medicine man, graduate of Harvard," adding with a twinkle, "and I don't hold that against him."

Author and Civil Rights Champion **Harry Golden**, 71, lost his own civil rights back in the '30s when he served a five-year term for perpetrating stock frauds through the mails. But Golden rehabilitated himself and became editor of the now-defunct *Carolina Israelite*, parlaying his faith in the American system into best-selling fame in a 1958 book of essays called *Only in America*. Still, only a presidential pardon could erase the penalties of being an ex-con, so Golden applied for one. Last week **President Nixon** granted his wish. Golden then exercised one of his restored rights: he announced plans to run for the Charlotte, N.C., city council—as a Democrat.

"You gotta trade in your old car when it can't make the hills," was the way Entrepreneur **Chuck Traynor**, 34, explained his switch in roles: from ex-

husband and manager of Linda (*Deep Throat*) Lovelace to manager of **Marilyn (Behind the Green Door) Chambers**. "I hope I'm never your old car," giggled Marilyn after she had made a successful New Jersey nightclub debut preparatory to a Las Vegas gig. Meanwhile, Old Car Lovelace was making the grade quite nicely without Chuck. In Cambridge, Mass., she was awarded the Harvard *Lampoon's* "Wilde Oscar" for risking "worldly damnation in the pursuit of artistic fulfillment." Then she returned to rehearsals for the national tour of *Pajama Tops*, a bedroom farce in which she will make her legit debut on Christmas Day.

"She had the strength of the American soil which she loved so much and understood so well." Thus Violinist **Yehudi Menuhin**, 57, remembers Cornhusker **Willie Cather**, who died in 1947. In 1930 Menuhin, then a 14-year-old New York-born musical prodigy, first met the middle-aged novelist from Red Cloud, Neb., in Paris, and a fast friendship was formed. Last week Menuhin flew from his London home to Lincoln, Neb., to highlight the University of Nebraska's celebrations on the centennial of Cather's birth. His contribution: a family concert. His two sisters, Pianists **Hephzibah**, 53, and **Yaltah**, 52, joined Yehudi to honor the memory of the woman the Menuhins called Aunt Willa.

Everything you don't want your little girl to become, **Bette Midler** had finally arrived at Manhattan's Palace Theater. Before an audience drawn mostly from the clientele of her favorite nightspot, the Continental Baths, Midler demonstrated once again that she is a superb female impersonator. Not, however, as good as **Rodney Pigeon**. The following night at the Blue Angel nightclub, Rodney, 20, scored a succès *à la* in the French-inspired transvestite revue *Zou*. Hurling himself onto the pocket-handkerchief stage, the divine Miss M's carbon copy skittered and tittered while belting out Midler's theme song, *Friends*.

Literary Lepidopterist **Vladimir Nabokov**, 74, identified a unique American species, the *Nymphet*, in his 1958 novel *Lolita*. Although the work was internationally acclaimed, it failed to win any of the major American book awards. In fact, the Russian-born Nabokov, who is frequently mentioned as a potential Nobel prizewinner, has picked up few prizes; five of his novels have been nominated for National Book Awards, only to

PEOPLE

be ultimately passed over. Now the self-described "pleasant outsider" has landed one of the country's most distinguished prizes: the National Medal for Literature, awarded for a living American writer's total literary contribution. At his Montreux, Switzerland, home, a modest Nabokov could only say: "I think it was a very good idea to give the prize to me."

CHAMBERS ONSTAGE WITH CLOTHES



PIGEON AS MIDLER



MIDLER AS MIDLER



News by Computer

The city rooms of many American newspapers are cousins in dishevelment: battered typewriters, mounds of gnawed pencils and crumpling gum erasers, a perpetual blizzard of paper. Nor would turn-of-the-century newsmen have any trouble recognizing many contemporary composing rooms with their mastodonic Linotype machines (first used in 1886) that engorge hot metal and spit out lines of type at a lumbering pace. Of all commercial activities, few have seemed more immune to technological progress than the production of daily papers. But the pace of change is now accelerating. In a small but growing number of offices, reporters are writing stories, and editors are correcting them, without touching pencil, typewriter or paper.

Lighted Blip. Technology's beachheads have been made at the two major U.S. wire services, the Associated Press and United Press International. With the prospect of newspaper automation clearly in front of them, A.P. and U.P.I. several years ago began investigating the use of computers to transmit stories. A.P. eventually chose a system developed by Hendrix Electronics Inc. of Londonderry, N.H. U.P.I. selected a similar method using equipment produced by the Harris-Intertype Corp. of Cleveland. The major innovation in both is the use of a modified cathode-ray-tube device (CRT), which combines a television screen and a keyboard linked to a central computer.

CRTs glow eerily at U.P.I. headquarters in New York and at ten A.P. regional "hubs" across the U.S. When correspondents' stories reach these central offices, they are now fed directly into

computers. Seated next to their CRTs, wire-service editors can order the computer to display on-screen a list of all stories filed during the previous 24 hours. Another command can call up the text of a story, which is then seen on the screen in segments of up to 31 lines at a time. As the editor electronically rolls the story forward, he can maneuver a lighted blip called a "cursor" to make changes in the copy. If he wants to revise a paragraph, he presses buttons that tell the cursor to remove that block of text. Then he types in his own version on the screen. The edited story is returned to the computer and sent to subscribing papers. The wire services have already invested more than \$5,000,000 in news automation.

The full effects of these alterations depend on the newspapers that get the copy. Without special receiving equipment, wire-service stories still creep in over Teletype machines at the maximum rate of 66 words a minute. Papers that have invested in new machines are a long leg up on competitors: high-speed printers can receive wire stories at 1,050 words a minute, a major advantage at deadline time.

One paper prepared to take full advantage of wire-service advances is the Detroit News (circ. 683,452), the nation's largest evening paper. Like many other metropolitans, it has had increasing trouble in distribution as its audience spreads farther into the suburbs. The *News*' answer: a \$42 million modernization program that includes an automated printing plant 23 miles north of Detroit. It is plugged in electronically to editorial headquarters downtown.

Since August, the paper's writing and editing have been carried out on a

modified version of the A.P.-Hendrix CRT. Gone from the newsroom is the clattering of typewriters. The loudest sounds now are the occasional howls from reporters still baffled by their futuristic machines. A CRT has 47 more keys than the standard typewriter, such as ETX (end of text). Thus the possibilities for fumble-fingered writing errors have multiplied. One of those keys, the "kill" button, even whisks the story off the screen and erases it from computer memory. (The *News* has nine new computers, capable of storing 3,000,000 words.) When stories began vanishing into electronic limbo, the *News* was forced to modify its CRTs so that the "kill" button must be hit twice before a story dies.

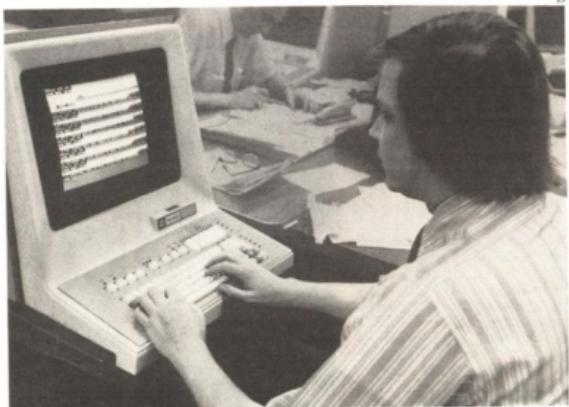
Though some reporters and deskmen complain about adjustment problems, News executives are certain that their investment will pay off in increased efficiency and better distribution. Once stories are edited in the newsroom, computers transmit them to the printing plant, set type photographically at 300 lines a minute and partially control the operation of six new three-story-high presses. The changes mean that late-breaking stories can get into the paper 15 minutes before press time, as compared with the hour required previously.

Resistance by craft unions has been the biggest obstacle to newspaper automation. The *News* has no Newspaper Guild representation and is now in arbitration with the typographers' union over details of the changes, but labor problems continue to inhibit automation at many big papers like the *New York Times*. Several smaller publishers are trying the changes and liking them. The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* (circ. 50,448) and its sister evening *Herald* (circ. 19,277) began installing CRTs a year ago, now have ten in operation and ten more ordered. *Chronicle* Managing Editor Robert Brown points out that his CRT gives him instantaneous access to any story in the office.

One kink in the system, Brown adds, is that everyone wants to type on the CRTs: "A copy boy one night was writing a message on one about going across town to see a friend. He didn't know it, but he was adding a paragraph to a story and it got in the paper."

Short Takes

► When she refused to tell a Pasco County, Fla., judge where she got information for a story on a grand-jury proceeding, St. Petersburg *Times* Reporter Lucy Ware Morgan was sentenced to five months in jail (TIME, Nov. 26). The *Times*' lawyers then appealed, arguing, among other things, that Mrs. Morgan's refusal to name sources might be considered an act of contempt only if she balked before the grand jury in



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Tonight (Ferrante and Teicher version)

PROGRAM #4

Charade (Henry Mancini version)

Mack the Knife (Dick Hyman Trio version)

It's a Long, Long Way to Love Again

(Burt Bacharach version)

Strangers in the Night (Bert Kaempfert version)

Alley Cat (Bent Fabric version)

Stella by Starlight (Victor Young version)

Patricia (Pérez Prado version)

Stranger on the Shore (Acker Bilk version)

Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars (Corcovado) (Antônio Carlos Jobim version)

PROGRAM #5

Moon River (Henry Mancini version)

Midnight Cowboy (Ferrante and Teicher version)

The Syncopated Clock (Leroy Anderson version)

Misty (Erolf Garner version)

Songbird (Henry Mancini version)

Theme from "Dr. Zhivago" (Ray Conniff version)

High Noon (Dimitri Tiomkin version)

Intermezzo (Mantovani version)

PROGRAM #6

Theme from "Summer of '42"

Bonfire (Roger Williams version)

Cabaret (Herb Alpert version)

Georgia on My Mind (Wes Montgomery version)

Love Theme from "Romeo and Juliet" (Henry Mancini version)

Cast Your Fate to the Wind

(Vicente Guaraldi Trio version)

Tenderly (Jackie Gleason version)

You've Spun Me Around (Henry Mancini version)

Love Me Tender (Elton John version)

Goodbye, Darkness (Elton John version)

Goodbye, Darkness (Elton John version)

Goodbye, Darkness (Elton John version)

Fascination (Frank Chacksfield version)

PROGRAM #7

Theme from "Love Story"

(Henry Mancini version)

On the Waterfront (John Barry version)

Love Parus (Les Baxter version)

The Windmills of Your Mind

(Michel Legrand version)

Waltz On (Burt Bacharach version)

The Impossible Dream

(The Quest) (Roger Williams version)

Desire (Richard Hayman version)

Fanny (Ferrante and Teicher version)

Scarborough Fair (Sergio Mendes version)

PROGRAM #8

Wives and Lovers (Burt Bacharach version)

Last Tango in Paris (Doe Severin version)

Love Theme from "The Godfather" (Soundtrack version)

The Look of Love (Sergio Mendes version)

California Dreamin' (Wes Montgomery version)

True Love (Mantovani version)

One Day at a Time (Come Her Alpert version)

Peter Gunn (Henry Mancini version)

Endless Love (Michel Legrand version)

Beyond the Sea (La Mer) (Roger Williams version)



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THE PRESS

question. Quick to oblige, State Attorney James T. Russell hauled Mrs. Morgan before the grand jury and again demanded her sources. She again declined but later had a partial change of heart. Last week she filed an affidavit naming "one of several" sources for her story. State Attorney James T. Russell. Mrs. Morgan claimed that Russell, who had subpoenaed her in the first place, had effectively "waived any right to confidentiality" through his persistent attempts to make her name names. Russell had no comment, but Mrs. Morgan's blockbuster has not extricated her from trouble. Still facing the sentence imposed by the judge, she now risks an additional contempt citation for refusing to identify all her sources before the grand jury.

► Where might the owner of the British weekly *News of the World* (circ. 6,000,000), the daily *London Sun* (circ. 2,600,000) and the Sydney *Sunday Telegraph* (circ. 622,000) surface next? Why

PICTORIAL HERETIC



PUBLISHER RUPERT MURDOCH
Gaining a toehold.

San Antonio, naturally. Later this month Publishing Baron Rupert Murdoch, 42, will complete his \$18 million purchase of the San Antonio morning *Express* (circ. 84,000) and evening *News* (circ. 63,000), sister dailies owned by Harte-Hanks Newspapers Inc. The choice of locale might seem odd for the ambitious Australian, who has specialized in reviving faltering papers with heavy doses of crime coverage, cheesecake and scandal. But Murdoch relishes competition, and San Antonio offers him a rousing circulation battle with the *Light*, Hearst-owned afternoon daily. Wary *Light* officials have already begun huffing about "foreign ownership" in their city, despite Murdoch's pledge to "keep those newspapers steadfastly American." Whatever the outcome, Murdoch's San Antonio properties will give him a toehold in the U.S. that he plans to enlarge soon in a major way.

with the founding of a national weekly tabloid paper. Slated for introduction in the Northeast in February, Murdoch's *National Star* will, he promises, "fall somewhere between TIME and the *National Enquirer* in content and approach." He obviously wants a good deal of latitude in which to navigate.

► The television networks have been roundly criticized in recent years for cutting back on news documentaries, and the lackluster performance of local stations has drawn equal pummeling. But this year's Alfred I. DuPont Awards in Broadcast Journalism (administered by Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism) suggest that TV's flight from aggressive stories has gone into reverse, most noticeably at the local level. The jurors found so much to praise that they bestowed eleven citations in addition to nine regular awards. Of the total, 13 went to single TV or radio stations. In a report released this week, Awards Director Marvin G. Barrett emphasized the good news: "Five years ago there was one local documentary which the DuPont jurors found comparable in scope and technique to the best network product. This year there were dozens." The Columbia jurors, Barrett reported, found local stations taking on tough subjects—"the energy crisis, pollution, land use, law-and-order, urban decay, minorities. TV journalism itself"—and giving them "a human dimension, an originality and freshness, a broad-mindedness along with a specificity" that more generalized network programs rarely achieve. Given the hostility of Government, commercial sponsors and some program managers to on-the-air controversy, Barrett could only link the improvement to the "persistence, courage and increasing skill" of broadcast journalists—and to the growing willingness of the U.S. public "to sit still and pay attention."

► It has never been a secret that some American reporters working abroad maintain symbiotic relationships with the Central Intelligence Agency. In the shared quest for fresh information, correspondents and CIA agents have been known to swap tips to their mutual benefit. Recently, the Washington *Star-News* revealed that some 40 U.S. journalists—mostly freelance writers and "stringers" who work part-time for one or more employers—have been on the CIA payroll as undercover informants. Some are full-time agents using journalism as a cover. Only five of the 40 were said to be regular staffers for large news organizations. Still, the news raised eyebrows and caused some editors to wonder if that odd stringer who contributes occasional stories from spook-crowded environs like the Caribbean and Eastern Europe might be accepting more than news tips from the CIA. The agency, of course, named no names. But in response to questions, the CIA assured the *Star-News*, *New York Times* and TIME, among others, that their correspondents were not involved.

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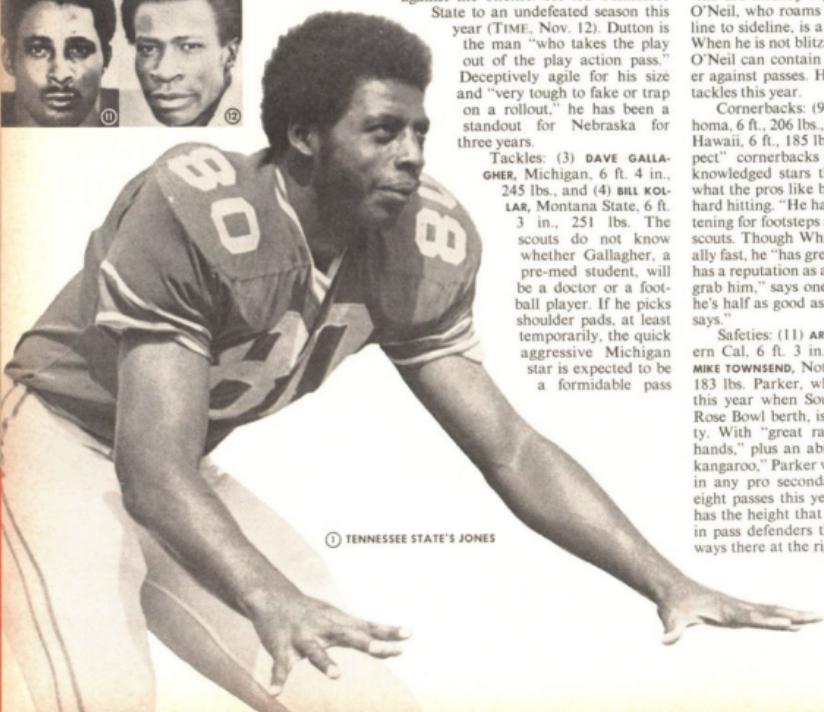
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TIME's All-America Team: Pick of the Pros



① TENNESSEE STATE'S JONES



Vince Lombardi would have loved the football class of '74. The college players concluding their undergraduate grid careers this winter are an uncommonly rugged group. TIME's annual poll of professional scouts to determine the athletes who will be most sought after in the N.F.L. draft has turned up an abundance of intimidating talent. The way the pros saw the season, the best players were linemen and linebackers—big, rough performers schooled in the grunt-and-groan tradition that Lombardi refined to savage perfection at Green Bay. The scouts' selections:

Defense

Ends: (1) **ED JONES**, Tennessee State, 6 ft. 9 in., 268 lbs., and (2) **JOHN DUTTON**, Nebraska, 6 ft. 7 in., 248 lbs. Viewed as the second coming of Bubba Smith, the huge Oakland Raiders (former Baltimore Colts) defensive end who crunches quarterbacks like crackerjacks, Jones figures to be the pros' No. 1 draft choice this year. With 4.7 sec. speed in the 40-yr. dash, he is "frighteningly intense," say the scouts—a "real door jam" against the offense. He led Tennessee State to an undefeated season this year (TIME, Nov. 12). Dutton is the man "who takes the play out of the play action pass." Deceptively agile for his size and "very tough to fake or trap on a rollout," he has been a standout for Nebraska for three years.

Tackles: (3) **DAVE GALLAGHER**, Michigan, 6 ft. 4 in., 245 lbs., and (4) **BILL KOLAR**, Montana State, 6 ft. 3 in., 251 lbs. The scouts do not know whether Gallagher, a pre-med student, will be a doctor or a football player. If he picks shoulder pads, at least temporarily, the quick aggressive Michigan star is expected to be a formidable pass

rusher. "You may pass around him, but you won't pass over him," says one scout. The wonder about Kollar is that Woody Hayes ever let this native Ohioan get away. Another top pass rusher, he is described as "quick as a mountain lion and strong as an ox." The scouts also like (5) **CARL BARZILIAUSKAS**, 6 ft. 6 in., 270 lbs., from Indiana, known as a killer against the run.

Linebackers: (6) **RANDY GRADISHAR**, Ohio State University, 6 ft. 3 in., 236 lbs., (7) **WAYMOND BRYANT**, Tennessee State, 6 ft. 3 in., 236 lbs., and (8) **ED O'NEIL**, Penn State, 6 ft. 3 in., 220 lbs. Gradishar is one Ohioan who did not escape Hayes. The "best Big Ten linebacker in three years," Gradishar is a punishing tackler capable of penetrating any block, and, say the scouts, "he has that great pro quality—the ability to cover somebody else's mistake." This year he made 71 unassisted tackles. Bryant rates as the top prospect for middle linebacker. "Look for him and you'll find the ball," say the scouts. "He might be better than a bunch of middle linebackers who are already regulars in the pros." O'Neil, who roams the field from sideline to sideline, is a superb pass rusher. When he is not blitzing the quarterback, O'Neil can contain the sweep and cover against passes. He had a hand in 72 tackles this year.

Cornerbacks: (9) **KENNETH POPE**, Oklahoma, 6 ft., 206 lbs., and (10) **GERALD WHITE**, Hawaii, 6 ft., 185 lbs. In a field of "suspect" cornerbacks (there are no acknowledged stars this year), Pope has what the pros like best—a penchant for hard hitting. "He has those receivers listening for footsteps all the way," say the scouts. Though White is not exceptionally fast, he "has great anticipation" and has a reputation as a sure tackler. "We'll grab him," says one personnel man, "if he's half as good as our man in Hawaii says."

Safeties: (11) **ARTIMUS PARKER**, Southern Cal, 6 ft. 3 in., 215 lbs., and (12) **MIKE TOWNSEND**, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 3 in., 183 lbs. Parker, who gave U.C.L.A. fits this year when Southern Cal won the Rose Bowl berth, is a natural free safety. With "great range and marvelous hands," plus an ability "to jump like a kangaroo," Parker will help fill the holes in any pro secondary. He intercepted eight passes this year alone. Townsend has the height that pros are looking for in pass defenders these days: "He's always there at the right time and place."



Offense

Quarterback: (13) **DAVID JAYNES**, Kansas, 6 ft. 2 in., 212 lbs. In what is most certainly not the year of the college quarterback, Jaynes is the best of a mediocre group. Respected for his passing—he throws the short square-out as well as the long bomb with equal skill—Jaynes is most admired for the way he drops back and stays in the pocket. A former ball boy at the Kansas City Chiefs' summer training camp, he has patterned his style after the Chiefs' veteran quarterback, Len Dawson. At Kansas, Jaynes has hit for 35 touchdown passes and completed 51.6% of his throws. The next best bet as signal caller is Stanford's (14) **MIKE BORYLA**, 6 ft. 4 in., 200 lbs., who has passed for 4,082 yds. in 30 games, or (15) **DANNY WHITE**, 6 ft. 3 in., 182 lbs., at Arizona State.

Running Backs: (16) **WOODY GREEN**, Arizona State, 6 ft. 1 in., 202 lbs., and (17) **WILLIAM ("BO") MATTHEWS**, Colorado, 6 ft. 2 in., 219 lbs. The scouts' eyes are popping over Green. "He's the type who can make a weaker pro franchise into a contending club," they say. Blasting out of the backfield as if he were fired from a bazooka, Green has darted through defenders for 1,182 yds. this season. Matthews is a big powerful runner who rolls over rather than around tacklers. But his greatest attraction to the pros is his blocking prowess: "This man dominates a game whether he's carrying the ball or blocking for someone else." (18) **JOHN CAPPELLETTI**, Penn State, 6 ft. 1 in., 210 lbs., who won the Heisman Trophy last week, is a hard-running tailback who appeals to the pro scouts. In two seasons, Cappelletti gained 2,639 yds. and led the team to 21 wins. He promises to be another Larry Csonka, the Miami Dolphins' bruising running back. Another top rusher this year is (19) **JIM McALISTER**, 6 ft. 1 in., 202 lbs., a classic breakaway threat from U.C.L.A.

Wide Receivers: (20) **LYNN SWANN**, Southern Cal, 6 ft. 1 in., 180 lbs., and (21) **JOHN HOLLAND**, Tennessee State, 6 ft. 1 in., 188 lbs. Swann will "beat one-on-one coverage every time," say the scouts. This year at U.S.C. he broke loose to catch 37 passes for 667 yds. Swann doubles as a punt- and kick-return threat with his flashy speed. Holland caught 53 passes this season, and knows how to hold the ball even when hit with a jarring tackle. Say the scouts: "He pays his dues after he gets the ball." The scouts also like (22) **ROGER CARR**, 6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs., from Louisiana Tech. Marvels one: "I don't know how he does it, but Carr is always in the clear."

Tight End: (23) **J.V. CAIN**, Colorado, 6 ft. 4 in., 226 lbs. In recent years the pros have favored basketball-tall tight ends, and Cain will go early in the draft.

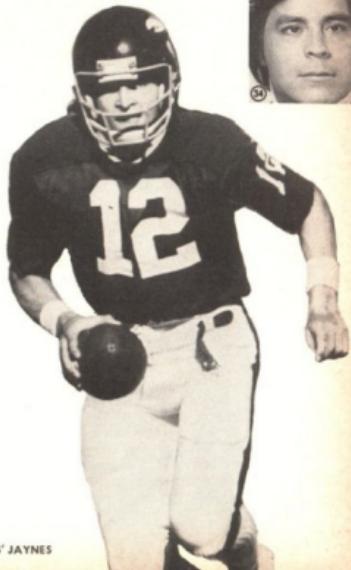
Fast and fluid, he dwarfs pass defenders, throws shivering blocks along the line, and can run deep patterns that leave covering linebackers 20 yds. behind.

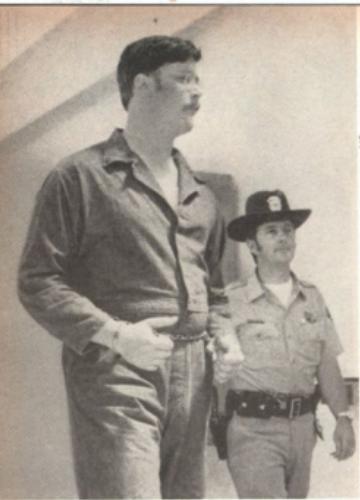
Tackles: (24) **HENRY LAWRENCE**, Florida A. & M., 6 ft. 4 in., 243 lbs., and (25) **STEVE RILEY**, U.S.C., 6 ft. 5 in., 255 lbs. Lawrence, goes the prediction, "is going to be the father-protector of quarterbacks. With his 4.8 speed in the 40-yd. dash, he is also a superb leader for running backs." Riley has astonishing mobility and balance for a big man. Says one expert: "It's a cliché to say he's big, fast, and strong, but let's face it, he's big, fast, and strong." Another top tackle is (26) **BILLY CORBETT**, 6 ft. 5 in., 270 lbs., from Johnson C. Smith College in North Carolina. "He's so strong," says one scout, "that he must have been lifting automobile axles all his life."

Guards: (27) **BOOKER BROWN**, U.S.C., 6 ft. 3 in., 270 lbs., and (28) **JOHN HICKS**, Ohio State, 6 ft. 3 in., 253 lbs. These two behemoths both played tackle in college, but the pros plan to place them at guard. They describe Brown as "270 lbs. of mean man." One scout reports, "Our quarterback has seen him and says 'get him.'" Another says, "Brown likes to bounce tacklers around so hard they don't get up and tackle again." Hicks, who scored second in the Heisman voting, is considered to be nothing less than "the best lineman in the draft." He explodes off the line of scrimmage and runs the 40 in less than five seconds—not bad at 253 lbs. He held together Woody Hayes' offensive line for three years during which the team lost only two regular-season games.

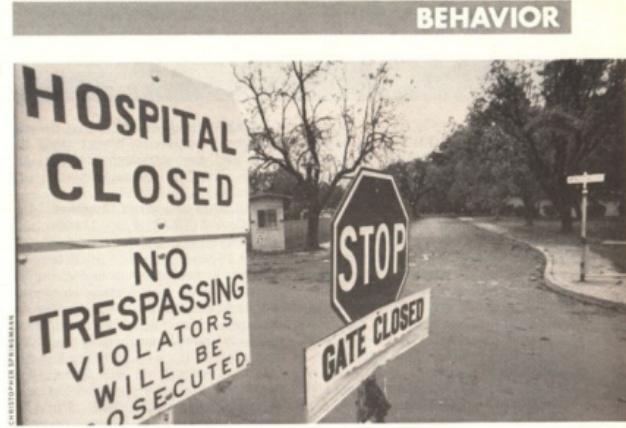
Center: (29) **SCOTT ANDERSON**, Missouri, 6 ft. 4 in., 235 lbs. Anderson has played tackle and guard as well as center at Missouri, but the scouts like his size at center, plus his reliability on the snap. "He makes sure the snap is good and then he worries about the block." (30) **STEVE CORBETT**, 6 ft. 4 in., 240 lbs., from Boston College, is considered another good prospect at center, as is (31) **BILL WYMAN**, 6 ft. 3 in., 235 lbs., from Texas.

Specialists: (32) **CHUCK RAMSEY**, Wake Forest, 6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs. With an average of 45 yds. per punt, and a good field-goal kicking record, Ramsey will be a double threat in the N.F.L. "There's no shortage of whip in this lad's leg," says one scout. For teams looking solely for a place kicker, the experts say that this is a poor year, but at least two players have a chance to make the pros: (33) **ROD GARCIA**, Stanford, 5 ft. 9 in., 165 lbs., who broke the N.C.A.A. field-goal record with 42 career three-pointers, and (34) **EFREN HERRERA**, U.C.L.A., 5 ft. 10 in., 185 lbs.





MURDERER KEMPER IN POLICE CUSTODY



SIGNS OF THE TIMES AT CALIFORNIA'S STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL IN MENDOCINO

Crackup in Mental Care

The psychiatrist at California's Atascadero State Hospital did not think that Edmund Emil Kemper III, a 20-year-old giant who five years earlier had killed his grandparents, should return to society. Even so, a parole board eventually sent Kemper home to the comforts of life with his mother. Within three years of his release, the 6-ft. 9-in. youth had slaughtered and dismembered Mom, six coeds and a friend of the family. Last month Kemper was convicted on eight counts of first-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison. Angry Californians were wondering why he was ever released in the first place.

A decade ago, Kemper and others like him would have stood little chance of ever leaving a state mental hospital. In the past nine years, because of judicial pressure to protect the civil liberties of mental patients and the growing use of drugs to treat mental illness, the population of state mental institutions has declined by almost half, from 505,000 in 1963 to 276,000 in 1972.

The inmate exodus had its roots in the 1950s when more and more psychiatrists challenged the concept of custodial institutions. In 1963 the Community Mental Health Centers Act was passed. Aimed at eliminating the "human warehouses" state hospitals had become, the bill envisioned the eventual creation of 2,000 local clinics to provide counseling and care.

Though hospitals began their steady discharge of patients as planned, money to fund this revolution in mental care never sufficiently materialized. After ten years, only 392 community centers are in operation. Economy-minded Governors, willing to save money by closing hospitals, have been less willing to di-

vert the money into clinics. Moreover, while small states like Hawaii can boast of success in treating seriously ill outpatients, clinics in larger states like California and New York are often faced with more people and more problems than they can handle.

Cheap Hotels. In the past year, hope for a federally financed community mental health movement died within the Nixon budget. First the Administration announced plans to phase out the federal grants that support the centers. Then it tried to impound funds already appropriated by Congress. The National Council of Community Mental Health Centers sued and won its money, but left court with an ominous sampling of budgetary battles to come.

In California, where the population of mentally ill in state hospitals was reduced from 36,000 in the 1950s to 7,000 today, chronically ill patients have been returned to communities poorly equipped to provide adequate treatment. With no one to care for them, former patients have ended up on welfare rolls, in boardinghouses, cheap hotels and even jail.

According to a Ralph Nader task force report, community centers across the U.S. have failed to provide care to those least able to find help: drug addicts, alcoholics, the young, the aged and "the poor in general." Thousands of people are being dumped into nursing or foster homes where conditions are often deplorable. Since New York State started emptying its mental institutions of thousands of inmates six years ago, many of them "have been jammed into tiny rooms, basements, and garages and fed a semi-starvation diet of rice and chicken necks," an investigation by the Long Island newspaper *Newsday* revealed last week. The state has made little or no provision to ensure the former mental

patients "suitable housing or supervised after-care," charged *Newsday*. "As a result, they are taken from the steps of mental institutions by operators who jam them into what can only be described as private jails and confiscate their monthly welfare checks."

Neither civil libertarians nor psychiatrists seem willing to return to the old days when citizens could be committed for long periods of observation without even a court hearing. Yet many feel that the closing of state hospitals has been precipitate, with too much concern for economy and too little concern for mental health or public safety. Now that the Nixon Administration has apparently abandoned the community mental health centers, the future of mental care is shakier than ever.

From now on, local communities will also handle all drug addiction cases formerly treated in two big federal drug treatment centers. Last year the center in Fort Worth, Texas was closed and this month the famed huge 38-year-old fortress-like hospital in Lexington, Ky., will shut its doors. The explosion of the addict population in the 1960s made it clear that the treatment offered in the federal facilities was not effective. Getting the addicts jobs and re-establishing them in their own neighborhoods proved to be more important than drug therapy or psychiatric training far from home. "We never knew what the job markets were," admits Lexington Director Dr. Jimmie Hawthorne. "We just weren't close enough to the home environment of the addicts." Though the White House Office for drug abuse prevention asserts that local facilities are adequate, others disagree. Dr. Edward Senay, director of the Illinois drug treatment program, estimates that 90% of U.S. addicts now go untended.

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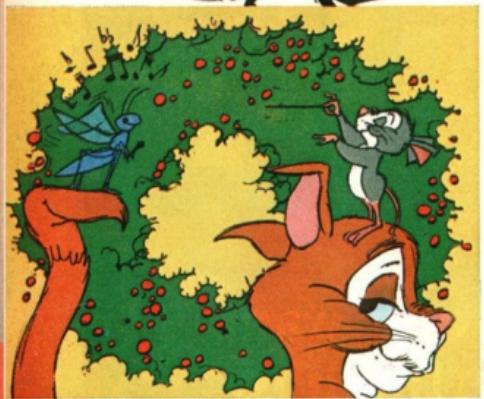


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New and vintage Jones cartoons, counterclockwise from upper left: a silenced Daffy Duck; vignette from "A Very Merry Cricket!"; the Coyote making another vain try for the Road Runner; Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd annihilating opera; a typical Bear Family indignity.

SHOW BUSINESS

The World Jones Made

He has made moviegoers laugh as often and as well as Chaplin or Keaton. His work, which has won three Oscars, is among the best of American film comedy. Yet he has never appeared on-screen, and his name—Charles M. Jones, when a producer wanted him to sound classy, or Chuck Jones, as he now prefers to bill himself—is scarcely known outside the movie business. Jones has spent his nearly 40-year career in the ebullient but usually anonymous medium of the animated cartoon.

His most fruitful years were with Warner Bros. in the '40s and '50s, when he played stepfather to existing characters like Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck and created such new ones as a warring Bear Family, a libidinous skunk called Pepe le Pew and, above all, the most popular animated figures since Donald Duck: the maddeningly capture-proof Road Runner and his perennially thwarted nemesis, the Coyote.

Cameo Perfection. In the 250 films that Jones has directed—most of them no more than six minutes long—he has laid waste the pretensions of grand opera (*What's Opera, Doc?*, *Rabbit of Seville*), made black comedy out of nuclear warfare a decade before *Dr. Strangelove* (*Duck Dodgers in the 24½ Century*), played with the mechanics of film making (*Duck Amuck*, which might be called the *Persona* of animated cartoons), and lampooned every movie genre from cops to swashbucklers. His *One Froggy Evening*, starring a mysterious singing frog called Michigan J., is a morality play in cameo that comes as close as any cartoon ever has to perfection.

As attested by *The Hollywood Cartoon*, a current retrospective series at the New York Cultural Center, Jones' body of work is uniquely rich, subtle and inventive. His cartoons compare favorably in their vividness and variety with the best work from the Disney Studios. Perhaps they are not as innovative, but they are funnier, madder, certainly more deeply and consistently personal.

The son of a "frustrated gallant with Micawberish business instincts," Jones was raised in Hollywood, where he worked occasionally as a child extra in Mack Sennett comedies. After graduation from art school, he supported himself by drawing pencil portraits for \$1 apiece at a friend's bookstore. From this he drifted into animation, more or less moseying up through the ranks of animation's curious bureaucracy (cel washer, painter, inker, in-betweenner), and began directing in 1938.

At the Warner Bros. animation unit—called with affection and realism "Termite Terrace"—the artists seemed to share the same zany verve that char-

acterized their creations. One of Jones' co-workers used a heating element and zinc-lined drawers to make his desk into a hot-dog stand, with steam rising from every aperture. Others rigged up an elaborate early-warning system, complete with flashing red lights, to enable everyone to assume a busy air before the visits of a producer whose spluttering lisp furnished the inspiration for Daffy Duck's voice ("Put in more jokes, fellow!").

Jones and the other directors—Friz Freleng, Bob Clampett, Tex Avery—gathered periodically for what they called the "Period of the Big Yes" to share story ideas, gags, gimmicks. "There were no negatives allowed for the duration of the two-hour meeting," Jones recalls. "If you couldn't say anything positive, you couldn't talk at all."

Jack Warner shut down the animation unit for a few years during the early '50s when he thought that 3-D was the thing of the future. During the hiatus, Jones worked for Walt Disney, whom he admires ("the D.W. Griffith of animation"), but whose creative control he found restrictive. After a few more years of activity, the Warner Bros. animation unit was closed for good in 1962. Since then Jones has worked mostly on TV, producing a syndicated series called *The Curiosity Shop* and directing an occa-



MICHIGAN J. IN FROGGY EVENING

sional half-hour animated special, like the sweetly eccentric *A Very Merry Cricket*, to be shown on ABC this Friday (8 to 8:30 p.m., E.S.T.).

Directing a cartoon, like directing a full-length movie, requires total immersion in every aspect of the creation. Jones worked on the story with the writer, made all the important drawings himself, supervised the background painting, even collaborated on the sound effects and music. He habitually speaks of his characters as if they were people ("The Coyote fulfills Santayana's definition of a fanatic—someone who redoubles his efforts when he's forgotten his aim"). Moreover, he thinks of them as people who make ideal actors: they can achieve any facial expression or gesture the director desires, thus freeing him to create "pure cinema." Jones insists on using full animation, which requires more time and expense than the so-called limited animation often seen on TV on Saturday mornings, in which sometimes nothing moves but the mouths, and the same static backgrounds are employed repeatedly.

This is part of the reason why Warner Bros. remains deaf to Jones' urgencies that it resume cartoon production. Indeed, Warner's has burned its original cartoon art to make storage space and has sold off the TV rights to the characters at a cheap rate. Jones, at 61 a gentle, whimsical figure with a Carl Sandburg forelock, is far from hard up. Father of a daughter, grandfather of three, he shuttles between his Hollywood offices and a home in the Burbank hills and weekends at a house overlooking the Pacific, which he shares with Dorothy, his wife for 35 years. But he longs to return to the dervish comedy and captivating anarchy of his earlier cartoons. After all, he explains, "those characters are extensions of myself—what I am or want to be." ■ *Jay Cocks*



JULIAN MAYER

JONES IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIO

God and Watergate

Every Sunday in Los Angeles' First Unitarian Church, the Rev. Peter Christianson passes petitions among his congregation calling for the impeachment of President Nixon. In Kansas City, the United Prayer Movement calls a day of prayer to ask God's help for the country. On Long Island, the Jewish journal *Sh'ma* cites Talmudic teaching that "the executive is not above the law."

Thus, like many laymen, a number of churchmen have reacted with prayer

Louisville in October, failed to go on record about Watergate.

► The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) held its general assembly in Cincinnati after the "Saturday Night Massacre" in which Archibald Cox was fired, but a motion calling for Nixon's impeachment was defeated.

► The Union of American Hebrew Congregations, meeting in New York City last month (TIME, Nov. 26), was expected to issue a strong statement on Watergate. The union's retiring president, Maurice Eisendrath, who died suddenly as the meeting began, had planned to scold Jews for their silence in the face of "the heinously immoral cesspool" of the Nixon Administration. But some delegates, nervous about U.S. aid to Israel, decided, as one of them put it, that it was "the height of folly to bite the hand that feeds us." Though the convention deplored Watergate as "a dangerous assault on constitutional liberties," it defeated resolutions calling for Nixon's impeachment or resignation.

► Perhaps the most notable silence, though, was that of the Rev. Billy Graham, who over the years has preached many a fiery sermon on individual responsibility for good or evil. In the case of Watergate, Graham seems unwilling to blame his friend Nixon, for whom he has conducted Sunday services in the East Room. Graham implies that a general moral permissiveness is responsible for the disaster. (The Jesuit weekly *America* has challenged Graham's analysis. "The men of Watergate were not playboys of permissiveness," it said, "but true believers in the work ethic.")

Other churchmen and groups have been more outspokenly critical of the President, especially since the Cox firing. The very next week, for instance, two United Methodist church boards joined the call for Nixon's impeachment. Last fortnight the legislative committee of a New York Quaker group adopted a resolution asking for impeachment, noting that "Richard Nixon and members of his Administration have indulged in acts which render them suspect of betrayal of our democracy."

So far, Nixon's church, the East Whittier Friends Church, has steadfastly refused pleas from Quakers round the U.S. that it expel the President from the congregation—a congregation he has not worshipped with since 1967, when he attended his mother's funeral. "That would be an un-Christian thing to do," maintains the Rev. T. Eugene Coffin, pastor of the church. "We don't condone wrongdoing, but want to create an atmosphere in which wrongdoing can be

repented." On the other hand, James Daane, professor of preaching at Pasadena's Fuller Theological Seminary, feels that churches have not been severe enough in disciplining members involved in Watergate. "There is more honest morality in the courts than in the churches," he complains.

Some of the most trenchant religious comment on Watergate has come from efforts to put it in a moral context—or in terms of divine providence. Father George Clements, pastor of a black Roman Catholic church on Chicago's South Side, sees the scandal as divine retribution. "Nixon had a vendetta against black people," he says. "Watergate gives us hope in justice. God will overcome." The Rev. Dupree Jordan Jr., Baptist president of the Atlanta Christian Council, regards Watergate as a different kind of judgment—on the apathy of "good church members who refuse to take part in the political process."

A number of sermons and editorials in the religious press have echoed Billy Graham in charging that Watergate mirrors a general decline in morality in many areas of life. The Rev. Jack Mendelsohn of Chicago's First Unitarian Church cites Dostoevsky's observation in *The Brothers Karamazov*: If God is dead, everything is permitted. Watergate, says Mendelsohn, "forces us to ask the question, 'What standards are there?' The Administration is as pious as can be in its Sunday services, but in its operation, God might as well be dead."

Spiritual Ballast. Some preachers agree with the Jeb Magruder excuse that "situation ethics"—justifying civil disobedience in the name of higher principle—helped create the atmosphere for Watergate. But Religious Historian Martin Marty of the University of Chicago's Divinity School dismisses that argument outright: "Everyone knows these guys weren't acting on higher principle." Marty sees a deeper moral problem at the root of Watergate. It is the phenomenon of 20th century "amorality—a combination of technology, propaganda and administrative mentality; the kind of dangers Kafka and Orwell warned us of. The problem of the future is not ideology but technicians. Albert Speer [Hitler's industrial commissioner] held conventional political views, was a family man, but Speer lacked any psychological and spiritual ballast. Our problem now is a general belieflessness, a nonideological commitment to the system."

Still, the Rt. Rev. Richard S. Emrich, retired Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, cautions against overemphasizing the idea that "an evil system is corrupting good men." In Watergate, Emrich believes, "we are facing a more profound truth—that men corrupt good institutions, that the corruption must be traced back to the human heart."

DRAWING BY MULLIGAN, © 1973 THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE, INC.

"As Sam Ervin so aptly put it, 'There is none so blind as he who will not see and none so deaf as he who will not hear.'"

and indignation to Watergate (now an entry, along with words like *Adiaphora* and *Suttee*, in the new *Baker's Dictionary of Christian Ethics*). Yet moral outrage from the pulpit is not widespread as it might be; Sam Ervin has quoted the Bible on the issue ("God is not mocked") more often and more effectively than many a preacher. Items:

► When U.S. Roman Catholic bishops met in Washington last month, Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol, their conference president, assailed the Supreme Court for its decisions on abortion and federal aid to parochial schools. But Krol skirted any specific mention of Watergate, lumping it with other evils as part of "a serious departure from ethical and moral principles."

► U.S. Episcopalians, gathered for their triennial General Convention in





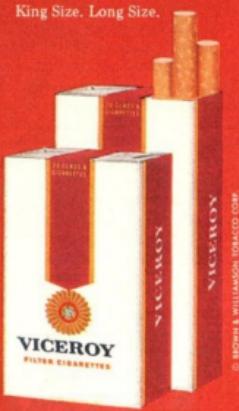
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CINEMA

Fire and Ice

THE HOMECOMING

Directed by PETER HALL

Screenplay by HAROLD PINTER

This is a precise adaptation of Pinter's play—the director and much of the cast are intact from the original 1965 London production—and it makes a fine, ferocious film. One reason for its success is that no one writes this well originally for films, not even Harold Pinter. His other screenplays are cool, exemplary, probably the best scenario writing now being done in English, as a recently published collection (Grove; \$10) readily attests. The screenplays are all adaptations, though. They have the eerie accents of Pinter, share a great many of his obsessional themes, but the plots and the people are not really his.

Here the writing is Pinter first and thoroughly, and the film—part of the American Film Theater subscription series—does him almost flawless service. If the Continental style of crediting films were adopted, this would be less a film by Peter Hall than by Harold Pinter.

This is not meant to diminish Hall's excellent rendering of the play, however. *The Homecoming's* plot is familiar by

now: a college professor in America (Michael Jayston) brings his wife (Vivien Merchant) back to London to meet his family: a malevolent patriarch (Paul Rogers), a fey uncle (Cyril Cusack) and the patriarch's two unmarried sons—an aspiring boxer (Terence Rigby) and a seedily elegant hoodlum type (Ian Holm). The professor separates himself from his family and stands aside as his wife is drawn into it. It would seem that the men humiliate her, but she thrives on their abusive attentions. Indeed, by taunting and captivating each of them sexually, she seems eventually to level them all.

"I can sum up none of my plays," Pinter has said. "I can describe none of them, except to say: that is what happened. That is what they said. That is what they did." The essence of Pinter is in suggestion and allusion and tone. Of all contemporary writers, he has best calculated how to contain fire under ice. His plays flourish in paradox. He appears to hold a distance between himself and his characters; yet the greater his disengagement, the more cutting the drama. The plays are about stripping away, about revelation; yet they give the feeling of tightness, of mounting frustration and desperation, like a large room in which all the exits systemat-



ROGERS, MERCHANT, JAYSTON & CUSACK

Funny, brutal declensions

ically and for no apparent reason begin to disappear. They are funny, brutal declensions of pathology, each rooted in a private pain whose source remains a secret.

It takes a great deal of cool passion to play Pinter; the performances here are never less than excellent and sometimes—in the cases of Merchant, Holm and Rogers—more than that. Each inflection, every pause and gesture, seems to have been measured by

Many insurers considered the plastics industry too hot to handle.

CNA found that it was simply misunderstood.

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IN PINTER'S *THE HOMECOMING*
of painful pathology.

caliper, but this precision never becomes deadening. Instead it draws everything taut, gives an almost musical tension. The lighting, important to any movie, becomes crucial here, where the action is mostly confined to one room. The superb cinematographer David Watkin has lit the family's old house in low, somber tones, giving it a tangible but evasive air of menace that perfectly matches the shadows and undertones of Pinter's language. ■ Joy Cocks

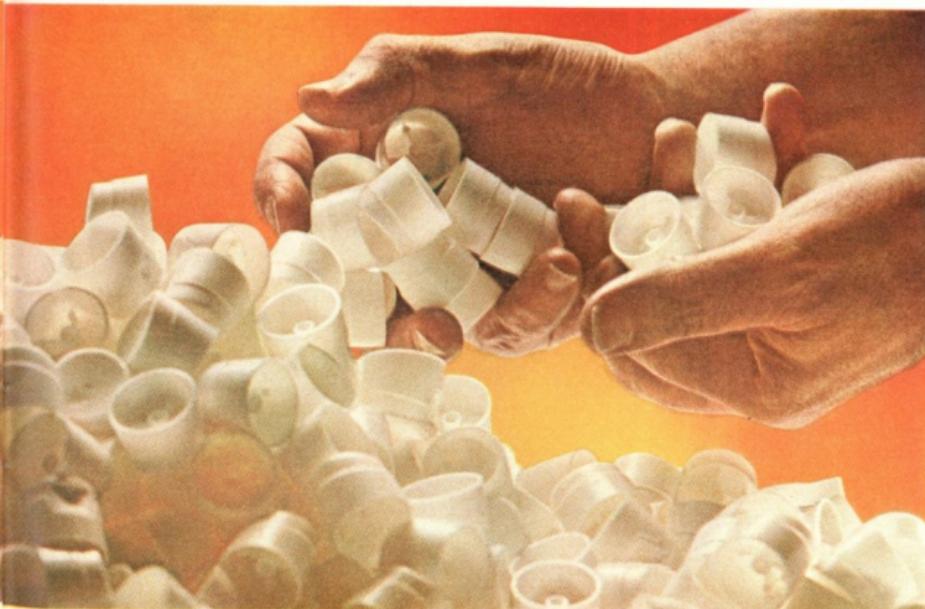
Quick Cuts

JIMI HENDRIX, a documentary eulogy to the late rock guitarist, includes a great deal of performance footage intercut with interviews: of groupies, of roadies, of family and friends and peers. The biography that emerges is perfunctory and predictable. There are all sorts of discussions about genius, talent, self-destruction and the miseries and pressures of a rock star's life, none of it new, most of it rather sweeping and vague. Hendrix's furious, kinetic music is at the core of the film, which at its best is like a "greatest hits" record album on film. The interview material is like liner notes, although not quite so easily ignored.

WESTWORLD was written by Michael Crichton, author of the novel from which *The Andromeda Strain* was adapted. Here, making his debut as a director, he provides mechanical film making to match his machine-tooled prose. He posits an amusement park for adults, run by computer technicians and scientists, where the customers pay plenty to live out their elaborate, generally adolescent fantasies. The hero (Richard Benjamin) dresses up as a cowboy and gets to spend a week in a replica of a Western town, where he becomes involved in saloon brawls, witnesses bank robberies, goes upstairs with the ladies who hang around the saloon, and gets stalked by a gunslinger in black (Yul

Brynnner). Benjamin also gets to gun down Brynnner on a couple of occasions, since Brynnner, like all the residents of Westworld, is a robot. The automatons weary of the monotony and indignity of their life and rebel or, more properly, run amuck, as they are wont to do. Though casually entertaining, the movie gives off the smug, unimaginative feeling of having itself been programmed by a computer.

THE DON IS DEAD is a scurvy mob melodrama that nevertheless presents several new insights into the manners and morals of gangland. We note, for example, that persons affiliated with the Mafia have a certain delicacy when referring to bathroom matters. "Can I use the powder room?" a sultry lady inquires of a beau. A bomber explains his eagerness to escape an impending explosion by gesturing toward the facilities, hopping up and down and muttering "Uhhmm . . . nature call." Further, it seems that the Mafia has taken matters of ecology straight to heart: corpses are deposited all neatly wrapped in plastic bags. Aside from these incidental social observations, the movie concerns Anthony Quinn, as a Mafia don, warring with rival factions over Angel Tompkins, an actress to whom all human emotions save narcissism seem alien. She represents the most unlikely cause for the outbreak of hostilities since the War of Jenkins's Ear. ■ J.C.







RUBIN, DELLINGER & KUNSTLER AT POSTCONVICTION PRESS CONFERENCE

Chicago Mop-Up

Most of the names and faces in the Chicago federal courtroom were familiar. They evoked flashbacks heavy with history: the riots at the 1968 Democratic convention, the Chicago Seven trial with its flamboyant rhetoric and shouting matches, the sympathy demonstrations and trashing sprees across the country. But so much had changed since those days that it was difficult to call back the passion or the classic clash between the radical antiwar movement and the criminal-justice system. By the time three of the original defendants and one of their lawyers were found guilty last week of contempt of court during the first trial, the denouement had dwindled to a legal mop-up operation.

The deflation had a number of causes. Viet Nam and the protest it stimulated were no longer national obsessions. Few of the stars of the 1969-70 Chicago Seven trial still shine very brightly. Judge Julius Hoffman, who presided more in anger than in cool judiciousness, is in semi-retirement. Abbie Hoffman now faces a serious drug charge in New York. Rennie Davis has become a follower of the teen-age Indian guru Maharaj Ji; during the latest trial, Davis occasionally folded himself into the lotus position in the courtroom. David Dellinger, 58, the elder of the original Seven, has been ill, most recently with gall bladder trouble. And in place of the choleric Judge Hoffman, there was Judge Edward Gignoux, a calm, amiable jurist imported from Maine. After Gignoux found Dellinger guilty (there was no jury), the defendant said: "You blew this one, but at least it was possible to have a dialogue. You have proved that a judge can be decent, a judge can be honorable, a judge can be polite."

Partly because of Judge Hoffman's earlier excesses, two appeals court decisions had thrown out not only the convictions of five of the seven for crossing state lines with intent to foment riots

but also the 159 contempt citations handed down by Hoffman. The Government decided against retrying the riot charges, but U.S. Attorney James Thompson overcame the prosecutorial reluctance of superiors on the contempt issue because he believed that the obstructionist tactics of the defense during the first trial should not stand unpunished. After a five-week trial, Judge Gignoux concluded that only 13 of the contempt counts warranted convictions.

Punishable contempt, said Gignoux, exists when intentional "misbehavior, in the presence of a judge, is substantial enough to cause material obstruction of the trial." Lawyer William Kunstler was cited twice—for a harangue labeling the proceedings a "legal lynching" after Ralph Abernathy had been barred as a witness and later, when Abernathy came into court, for interrupting the trial and embracing him. Dellinger was convicted on seven counts, including vilifying Judge Hoffman as a "fascist," "liar" and "the chief prosecutor." Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman got two ci-

tations each for stunts like dressing in judicial robes decorated with Stars of David.

That left Davis, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Lee Weiner and Lawyer Leonard Weinglass completely free and clear. As for those convicted, Gignoux declined to impose either jail sentences or fines, declaring: "The conduct of the defendants can in each circumstance reasonably be said to be a response, albeit excessive" to provocation by the judge and prosecutors. Even so, the long, slow epilogue of "the great conspiracy trial" is not yet over. The defendants may still appeal their new convictions. Kunstler is particularly concerned because he may well be disciplined by the New York Bar Association if his conviction stands.

Trilevision

Considering all that the likes of Perry Mason, Owen Marshall and Billy Jim Hawkins have done over the years for TV, it seems only fair that TV should contribute to the administration of justice. A few states, including Colorado, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, already make some use of video-taped testimony to avoid delay for both the court and the witness; after testimony is recorded at the witness's convenience, it can be introduced at any time. But such piecemeal use of TV is timid indeed compared to an undertaking that concluded last week in Sandusky, Ohio.

Following through on earlier experiments, Common Pleas Court Judge James McCrystal decided that all the testimony in 14 related civil cases should be taken on video tape. As a result, panels of jurors showed up at the courthouse to watch a few hours on the tube, then rendered verdicts without ever seeing a single witness in the flesh. Opening and closing statements plus jury instruc-

JUDGE MCCRYSTAL REVIEWING VIDEO-TAPED EVIDENCE IN HIS CHAMBERS



LARRY FUDENBERG

THE LAW

tions were given live by lawyers and judge. The jurors were otherwise left in the courtroom—glued to a TV monitor.

During the taping, two cameras cut neatly from attorney to witness, with closeups and insets of exhibits to break up the visual monotony. Objections raised by counsel were noted, and later the judge reviewed that part of the testimony; if he sustained an objection, the court clerk simply erased the offending questions and answers. Otherwise the testimony was undicted.

The project seemed to be a success for everyone involved. Myrtle Shattuck spoke for most jurors: "It is easier to concentrate on TV than if we had the people here." The attorneys found several advantages. More precise opening statements were possible, said Lawyer Thomas J. Murray Jr., because "I knew exactly what my witnesses were going to say." Assistant Attorney General Robert Oglesby said that he was more relaxed when questioning a witness in front of a camera instead of a jury. The witnesses were more at ease too. All the cases decided involved appropriation of land for the widening of a major highway. Though the jury awards were higher than what the state had offered, Oglesby agreed with the judge and opposing counsel that the results would have differed in conventional trials.

Efficiency is the major gain of television. The lawyers and witnesses could get together at their mutual convenience. Some witnesses appearing in more than one trial were able to tape all their testimony at one session. While juries watched the televised evidence, the judge and attorneys tended to other business, including other trials.

Two a Day. Judge McCrystal spent less than three hours reviewing the objections in the 14 trials; under the regular system he would have had to sit through 52 hours of testimony. Where the evidence is critical to the instructions to the jury, "I'd have to hear the testimony," McCrystal explained. But "it's just not necessary in a routine case." Moreover, the 14 trials were completed in eleven working days; normally, McCrystal estimated, they would have stretched over 40 to 45 days with delays. He thinks that he could double his docket without adding personnel. "There's no reason why I couldn't conduct an average of one taped trial each court day while conducting a conventional trial at the same time."

Criminal trials may never be suitable for widespread video taping because of a defendant's intricate array of constitutional rights. Bitterly contested, emotionally charged civil cases would probably also present problems. "Video tape is just too mechanized," says Chicago Criminal Lawyer Warren Wolfson. "The witness should have to sit there and look at the jury." Sandusky Attorney Murray also misses "the excitement of the live trial." But he believes in video tape so much that he persuaded his firm to put in a fully equipped studio.



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Born. To General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada, about 48, Uganda's belligerent, capricious President, and Madina Amin, about 22, newest of the four wives allowed to Amin by the Moslem religion: a daughter, her second child, his 14th; in Kampala.

Engaged. Chris Evert, 18, Florida's precocious tennis star whose skill on the court has netted her some \$150,000 since she turned professional last winter; and Jimmy Connors, 21, reigning U.S. pro champion, who made his professional debut in 1972 at Wimbledon, where their courtship began.

Married. Alvin Ray ("Pete") Rose, 47, iron-willed commissioner of the \$130 million-a-year National Football League since 1960; and Carrie Cooke, 35, of Los Angeles; both for the second time (he has one child, she has four); in New York City.

Died. Jimmy Cannon, 63, longtime reporter and syndicated sportswriter; of a stroke; in Manhattan. Cannon grew up in New York's Greenwich Village and at 17 went to work as a copy boy for the *Daily News* on the lobster shift. He covered everything from wars to murder trials but eventually settled down to sports-

writing, encouraged by Hearst Columnist Damon Runyon. A chunky bachelor, Cannon wrote mainly about big-league sport. He also recounted debates of bettors and bums like Two Head Charlie and The Blotter as they examined life's ironies after midnight on the side streets off Broadway. In columns beginning "Nobody Asked Me But . . ." he offered such offbeat aphorisms as "Nothing improves an actress's diction more than marrying money."

Died. Sir Robert Alexander Watson-Watt, 81, a British government scientist who developed the first practical radar system; after a long illness; in Inverness, Scotland. A member of the same family to which the inventor of the steam engine, James Watt, belonged, Watson-Watt worked on what was then called "radio location," a process of bouncing radio waves off distant objects. Tested by tracking the plane that carried Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain to Munich and back in 1938, Watson-Watt's aircraft-spotting radar later helped his country repel German attacks during the Battle of Britain.

Died. Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, 82, President of Mexico from 1952-58, who cleaned up undisguised corruption, re-

stored confidence in the government and extended the right to vote to Mexican women; of a heart attack; in Veracruz. An accountant who entered politics during the revolution of 1910-21 as mayor of the port of Veracruz, Ruiz Cortines was Governor of the state of Veracruz in 1947 when he was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Miguel Alemán. After his election to the presidency on a reform ticket, Ruiz Cortines published a list of his own assets, ordered his subordinates to do the same and held up payments on suspect contracts for public works.

Died. Alfred Carl Fuller, 88, the Horatio Alger of door-to-door selling who parlayed a \$375 operation into the multi-million-dollar Fuller Brush Co.; of a form of blood cancer; in Hartford, Conn. Fuller got his foot in the door by making brushes at night and soft-selling them by day to housewives in Boston. He eventually recruited an army of Fuller Brush Men and "Fullerettes" that today numbers 25,000 and sells 325 varieties of household brushes, cosmetics and chemicals all over the U.S., Canada and Mexico. According to Fuller's homespun philosophy, "American terminates in 'I can' and 'Dough' begins with 'Do.' "

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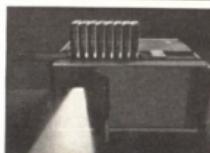


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SPECIAL REPORT

Kohoutek: Comet of the Century

Some day there will arise a man who will demonstrate in what regions of the heavens the comets take their way; why they journey so far apart from the other planets; what their size, their nature.

—Seneca

That prophecy, written by the Roman philosopher and statesman nearly 2,000 years ago, may soon be fulfilled. Growing brighter every morning in the predawn sky, one of the largest comets ever seen by man, its elongating tail stretching across millions of miles of space, is streaking toward a Christmas rendezvous with the sun. Later this month and through most of January, the giant comet should provide an extraordinary celestial spectacle, and may well help answer the questions that Seneca raised so long ago.

The fiery visitor is called Kohoutek (after its discoverer, Czech Astronomer Luboš Kohoutek—pronounced *Loo-bosh Ko-hoe-tek*); it promises to rival and perhaps surpass in brightness Halley's comet, which last appeared in 1910 and will not be seen again until 1986. By the time Kohoutek emerges from its passage behind the sun early in January, its tail should be full grown, a glittering streamer extending across as much as a sixth of the evening sky. There is some chance that Kohoutek will not live up to all its billing—comets are notoriously unpredictable. Some split into several parts as they approach the sun; others disintegrate completely or simply fail to achieve their predicted brilliance. But Harvard Astronomer Fred Whipple, the dean of U.S. comet watchers, has high hopes for Kohoutek's performance. It "may well be the comet of the century," he says.

Until recently, professional astronomers, more concerned with planets,

distant galaxies, quasars and pulsars, left the observing of comets largely to amateurs. Comets were "bagfuls of nothing," sniffed Percival Lowell, the turn-of-the-century astronomer who made a career of observing Mars. Since that put-down, scientists have learned to take comets more seriously—as primordial chunks of matter left over from the birth of the solar system 4.6 billion years ago. Thus Kohoutek, which was spotted first at the Hamburg Observatory last March, offers a splendid opportunity for observers to learn more about the drama of creation. Indeed, because the comet was discovered so long before its close approach to the sun, there has been time for elaborate preparation. Kohoutek may well be the most intensely scrutinized celestial object in the history of astronomy; it will be tracked and studied by thousands of scientists and an incredible array of instruments ranging from the 200-in. telescope on Mount Palomar to the sophisticated devices aboard Skylab and other spacecraft.

Comet Flight. Excitement about the comet is not confined to scientists. Planetariums round the world are drawing overflow crowds for Kohoutek shows. Telescopes and binoculars are being sold at an exceptionally brisk pace: Edmund Scientific Co., of Barrington, N.J., reports a 200% gain this year in its sale of telescopes; Los Angeles' Marschutz Optical Co. is completely sold out. This week the *Queen Elizabeth 2* sailed from New York, booked to the gunwales with 1,693 passengers on a three-day comet cruise. Before dawn every morning, passengers were invited to the decks for telescope viewing and comet lectures. In January, when the comet will be visible in the evening sky, New York's Hayden Planetarium is planning an even more elaborate

happening: a six-day "Flight of the Comet" aboard a chartered Boeing 747. The tour will feature stopovers at observatories in California and Arizona. There, the participants will be treated to candlelight dinners and lectures while Kohoutek glimmers in the sky. Cost: \$1,750 apiece.

The reaction to Kohoutek is also taking more metaphysical forms. A militant Jesus cult called the Children of God, which claims a worldwide membership, is convinced that the comet is an omen of disaster and is directly predicting doomsday ("Forty days," warns the group's leader "Moses David" Berg, and "Nineveh shall be destroyed!"). A different alarm is sounded by the Italian parapsychologist Astaroth, 52 (real name: Claudio Giannantonio), who counsels members of the Rome political and movie set. Astaroth explains that comets disrupt the "psychomagnetic equilibrium" of the planetary system. He adds: "Human beings will be drawn to commit acts of violence—not only singly but collectively." In McFarland, Wis., the self-proclaimed head of the Church of the Odd Infinitum, Edward Ben Elson, is selling tickets at \$10 each for his intergalactic spaceship ("No warranties expressed or implied"). He says it will take off Dec. 24 before the comet's gases can ignite the earth's oil supply and bring death to most of mankind. UFO Cataloguer and Astronomer J. Allen Hynek, who was born under Halley's comet in 1910, is taking a more realistic view; he is bracing himself for a flood of calls at his Northwestern University UFO center from people worried about the fiery space spectacle.

Others of a mystical bent feel less threatened by the comet, particularly because of its coincidence with Christmas. "I do not mean to suggest that an-

SCIENCE

other Christ will be born," wrote James Grayson Bolen, editor and publisher of the magazine *Psychic*, "but rather that an inner birth of Christ-like consciousness might occur." Imprisoned Acid Guru Timothy Leary, who was recently the beneficiary of a fund-raising "Comethon" in Santa Cruz, Calif., shares this optimism: "The Comet Starseed [Kohoutek] comes at the right time to return light to the planet earth." Adds Carl Schleicher, whose Washington-based Mankind Research Unlimited Inc. exploits mind control and other fringe sciences: "A majority of our 'sensitives' have good vibrations about Kohoutek. The portents are good."

Comets (from Greek *kométés*, for long-haired) have been objects of awe, reverence and fear throughout history. The ancients, at least, had a legitimate excuse for their fantasies: no one knew where comets came from or where they went after they disappeared from sight. (Aristotle suggested that they were fiery "exhalations" in the atmosphere.) Whenever a comet appeared, it was taken as a sign from heaven of impending

calamity: a flood, an outbreak of disease or even the fall of a king or empire. Plutarch wrote that a brilliant comet shone for seven nights in the sky over Rome after the assassination of Julius Caesar. In Shakespeare's dramatization of that event, Caesar's wife echoes the same theme: "When beggars die, there are no comets seen. The heavens themselves blare forth the death of princes."

"Hairy Star." According to some biblical interpretations, a bright comet appeared over Judea around 7 B.C. shortly before the birth of Jesus. Oracles told King Herod that the "hairy star" was the harbinger of the birth of a boy who was destined to outshine the monarch himself. To thwart that threat to his supremacy, Herod went on a rampage of infanticide. In A.D. 451 a comet blazed overhead as Attila the Hun overran Gaul on a march that culminated in the invasion of Italy. A comet, depicted in the famous Bayeux tapestry, also appeared in the sky on the eve of the Battle of Hastings in 1066. William the Conqueror told his Norman soldiers that the comet was indeed a bad omen—for the

English troops, who subsequently went down to defeat. In 1456, Pope Calixtus was said to have been so upset by the appearance of a comet after the Turkish conquest of Constantinople that he issued a bull of excommunication against the interloper—"to rid the earth and mankind of its calamities."

The comet of 1456 and many of the others that influenced ancient history were one and the same: the celestial visitor that became known as Halley's comet. A 17th century protégé of Isaac Newton, Edmund Halley was convinced that comets travel, like planets, in closed orbits around the sun. Using his mentor's formulas, he calculated the paths of comets dating back to 1337 and found that three—those of 1456, 1531 and 1607—had roughly the same orbit as the comet of 1682 (which he had seen as a young man). Halley concluded that they were all the same object and boldly predicted that it would appear again in 76 years, the time it requires to make a single orbit around the sun. When Halley's comet reappeared on schedule in 1758, it offered convincing evidence that comets

HALLEY'S COMET IN 1910



SCENE FROM BAYEUX TAPESTRY SHOWING HALLEY'S COMET ON EVE OF BATTLE OF HASTINGS IN 1066



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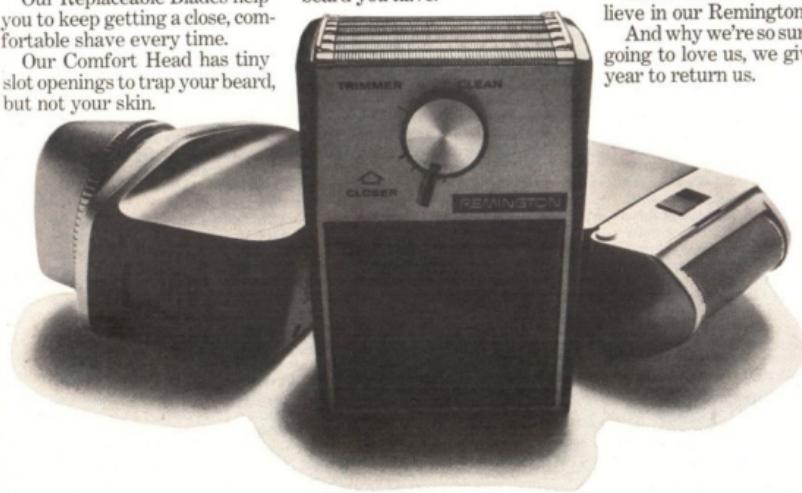
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ELECTRIC SHAVERS

were really members of the solar system rather than messengers of God's wrath.

Still, fear of comets persisted. Just before Halley's comet returned in 1835, rumors spread that it would collide with the earth. Although the path of Halley's comet precluded collision, the possibility that a comet could strike the earth is not entirely farfetched. The earth bears the scars of at least two impacts that some scientists ascribe to comets: at the site of the Great Tunguska catastrophe, which leveled the Siberian landscape for more than 20 miles around in 1908, and in the geological formation known as the Witwatersrand gold field in South Africa. The possibility of a hit also fascinated Jules Verne. In his 1877 story *Hector Servadac*, the earth is smashed to bits by a comet, and the protagonists drift off into space on one of the fragments. Statistically, the likelihood of a comet colliding with the earth is extremely remote; scientists calculate that such a collision will occur no more than once every 200 million years.

Two Freaks. Cometphobia took another form during Halley's reappearance in 1910. Fearing that mankind would be poisoned as the earth passed through noxious gases in the comet's tail, many people bought gas masks and "comet pills" to prevent asphyxiation; they also staged a round of end-of-the-world parties. But the gases were far too tenuous to do any damage, and the earth remained unscathed. One famous prediction, however, did come to pass. Mark Twain, who had been born during the comet's previous visitation in 1835, and wrote that he expected to die during its next ("The Almighty has said, no doubt: 'Now here are these two unaccountable freaks, they came in together, they must go out together.'"), died only a day after Halley's comet made its closest approach to the sun.

Perhaps the most famous comet tale was written by Futurist H.G. Wells. In his 1906 novel *In the Days of the Comet*, the earth was enveloped in a mysterious green gas from a comet's tail just as war broke out between England and France. The vapors had so beneficial an effect that the combatants fell asleep for three hours, awoke to a world without war and began building a utopia of socialism and love. In contrast, there is the bleak view of Psychologist turned Amateur Geophysicist Immanuel Velikovsky. In his bestselling 1950 book *Worlds in Collision*—which is regarded as gospel by many mystics but as science fiction by most scientists—Velikovsky blamed a near miss by a comet for such biblical events as the parting of the Red Sea and the plagues of Egypt. The fate of that comet? According to Velikovsky's scenario, it settled into an orbit near the earth and is now known as the planet Venus.

Comets, in fact, are nowhere near as large as planets. Their central structure, or nucleus, is usually no more than a few miles in diameter; it is believed to consist largely of frozen gases—mainly

water vapor, methane, carbon dioxide and ammonia, and perhaps some hydrocarbons—and dust particles. That, at least, is the commonly accepted "dirty snowball" theory, originally proposed by Harvard's Whipple in 1950. But there are those who take exception to Whipple. British Astronomer Raymond A. Lyttleton prefers his own "gravel-bank" theory, which holds that the cometary nucleus is really a loose mass of dust particles with little or no ice. By training their instruments on Kohoutek, astronomers may at last be able to settle that argument.

There is less debate about where comets originate. The most widely accepted explanation is that of Dutch Astronomer Jan Oort, who says that comets exist by the billions in a vast swarm of debris beyond Pluto that stretches halfway to the nearest star, Proxima Centauri. The debris, called Oort's Cloud, coalesced from the swirling dust and gases in the original solar nebula, from which the sun, earth and other planets and moons were formed. Thus comets are primordial matter, largely unchanged since the solar system's birth. (Lyttleton ascribes a different origin to the comets: he thinks that they are swept up by solar gravity as the sun wheels around the galaxy through clouds of interstellar matter.)

Wisp Hydrogen. Tugged by the gravity of a passing star, chunks of the Oort debris are occasionally pulled into orbits closer to the sun. Then perturbed further by the gravity of a massive planet, probably Saturn or Jupiter, they often enter a highly elliptical orbit that swings them close to the sun and then so far out again that they do not return to the vicinity of the sun for years. Some, like Encke's comet, which makes a pass around the sun every 3.3 years, have relatively small orbits. Others loop out billions of miles from the sun, and millions of years elapse before they return.

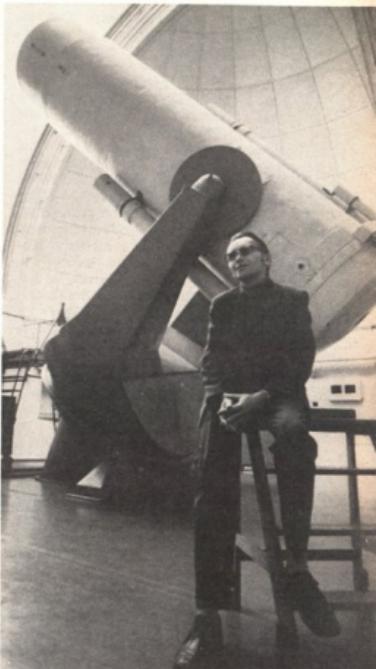
As a comet enters the inner part of the solar system, the sun's heat begins to liberate dust and gases from the nucleus, forming a large cloud called the coma. Such clouds may become Jovian in proportions, with a diameter of more than 100,000 miles, though they are very thinly dispersed. In 1969 and 1970, NASA's Orbiting Astronomical Observatory (OAO-2) discovered that the coma of comets is surrounded by a still larger ball of wispy hydrogen that may far exceed the sun's diameter of 860,000 miles. The hydrogen cloud is believed to be formed from the dissociation of water molecules in the nucleus.

As the comet nears the sun, it acquires its most characteristic feature. Bombarded steadily by the charged particles of the solar wind and by the slight but measurable pressure of sunlight itself, the cometary gases and dust are swept back to form one or more glowing tails. These may reach lengths of 60 million miles or more, roughly two-thirds the distance between earth and sun. Regardless of the direction of the

comet's travels, its tail is always directed away from the sun. Thus, when Kohoutek reappears in the evening sky after swinging around the sun, its tail—which now trails the comet—will precede it as Kohoutek races away toward the outer reaches of the solar system.

Despite all that has been learned about the dynamics of a comet's tail, its shape cannot be accurately predicted. In the late 18th century, DeCheseaux's comet sprouted seven distinct tails that fanned out peacock-like. Some comets do not develop tails at all. As of last

STERE



KOHOUTEK AT HAMBURG OBSERVATORY
Fulfilling the prophecy.

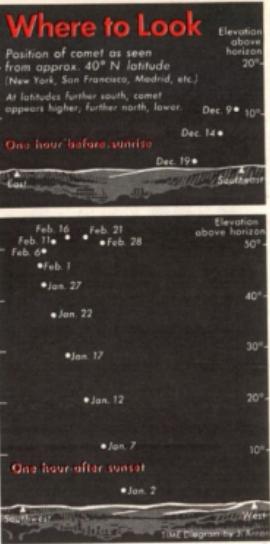
week, however, Kohoutek was developing a classic appendage, which should continue to increase in length and grandeur until the comet comes close to the sun. Most comets survive this relatively close flyby of the sun and emerge, sometimes altered in appearance, with even more brilliant tails. Others, affected by the sun's powerful gravity, have broken up and vanished, as did the debris of Biela's comet after it split in two in 1846.

It was during a search for the remnants of Biela's comet that Lubos Kohoutek made his great discovery. Interested in the minor bodies of the solar system since boyhood meteor- and com-

et-hunting expeditions in the Czechoslovak mountains, he had in the fall of 1971 located a cluster of about 50 small asteroids in an orbit roughly comparable to that of Biela's comet. Last February, using Hamburg Observatory's 32-in. Schmidt telescope, he tried to "recapture" the asteroids, which he feels may be the remaining chunks of the lost comet. To Kohoutek's surprise, he not only obtained pictures of the asteroids but also, during an eight-day period, discovered on his photographic plates the tell-tale blurs of two new comets.

Such discoveries are not unusual; as many as a dozen new comets are found each year, often by diligent amateur stargazers like Kaoru Ikeya, a worker in a Japanese piano factory. Ikeya has been finding new comets at the rate of about one a year since he and another Japanese amateur, Tsutomu Seki, independently discovered the major Ikeya-Seki comet in 1965. Kohoutek, too, had previously discovered a comet in 1969. But it was the second of his 1973 discoveries—officially called Comet Kohoutek 1973f (the f indicating that it was the sixth new comet sighted this year)—that quickly created worldwide excitement.

Dirty Coat. As is customary, Kohoutek immediately sent word of the sightings to the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass. Under the direction of Astronomer Brian Marsden, the bureau acts as a world clearinghouse for news of astronomical discoveries. It soon became evident to Marsden that the second comet was no ordinary visitor from distant space. After making some rush observations of his own ("We spent a



very tense weekend out at Harvard Observatory's Agassiz Station"), he reported that the comet Kohoutek had been sighted at a distance of roughly 480 million miles from earth, barely within the orbit of Jupiter. (Halley's comet, by contrast, was not found on its last approach until it was some 180 million miles closer to earth—even though astronomers knew where to look for it.) Never before had a comet been detected at such a great distance.

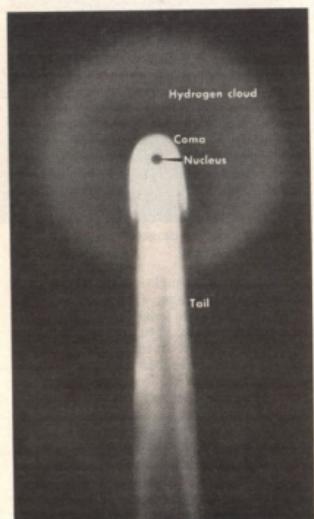
The early discovery meant that Kohoutek was not only intrinsically brighter than Halley's comet but probably quite large. Astronomer Elizabeth Roemer, of the University of Arizona, estimates that Kohoutek's nucleus is about 25 miles in diameter, far larger than most comets, probably including Halley's. Other astronomers calculate that Kohoutek weighs about 1 trillion tons. But size is not Kohoutek's only distinction. It will pass within 13 million miles of the sun. That close flyby, well within the orbit of Mercury, should make for a dazzling interaction between sun and comet. Perhaps most important of all, astronomers describe it as a "dirty" comet, one with an outer layer of dust that has probably never been stripped off by solar heating. That layer may prevent the comet from becoming as bright as originally predicted. But it also means that Kohoutek may be a "virgin," making its very first visit to the hot inner sanctum near the sun. That will give scientists an opportunity to study at close hand the structure of material that has never been heated, and thus is largely unchanged from its primordial state.

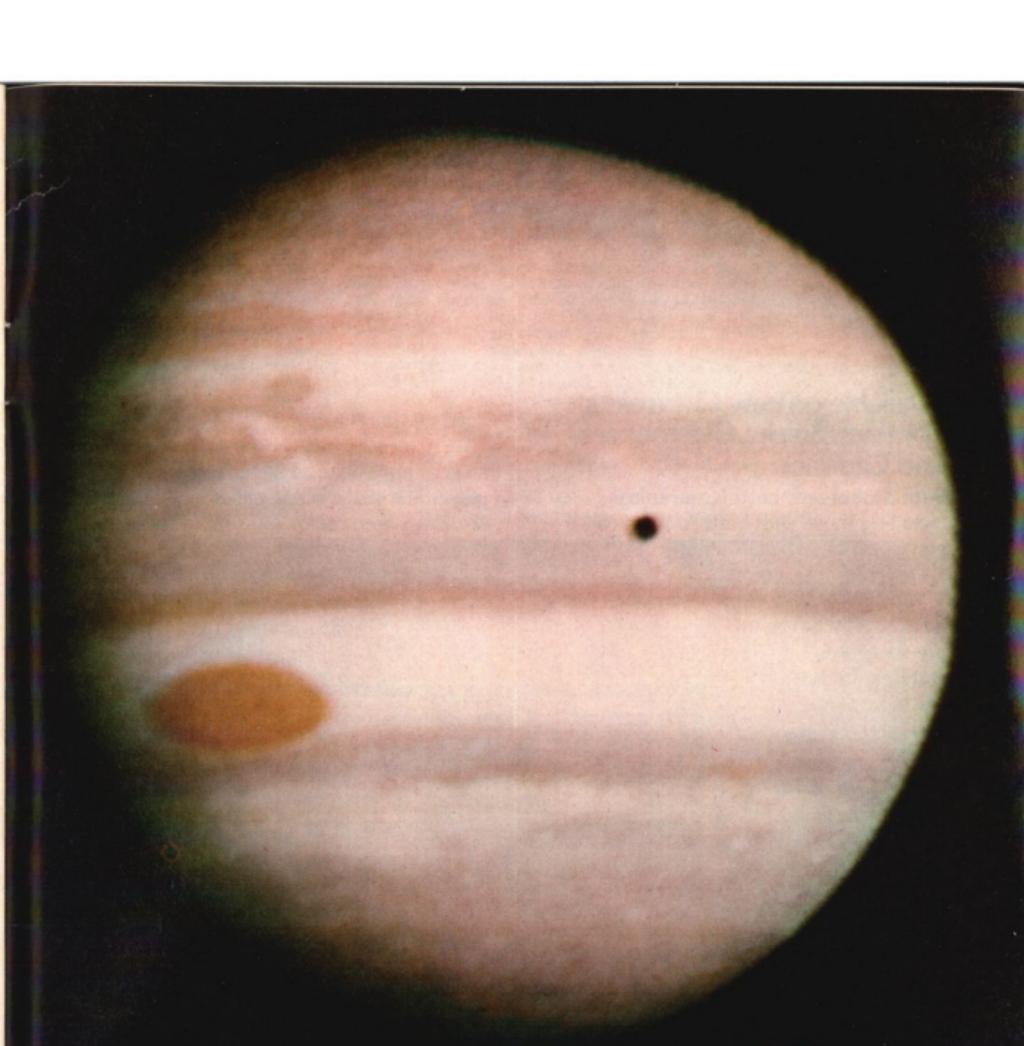
Because Kohoutek was spotted much earlier than most new comets, astronomers had an exceptionally long lead time to prepare for a thorough examination. They are taking full advantage of the opportunity. In addition to the conventional telescopes of every size and variety that will be following the comet, NASA's big radio telescope in the Mojave Desert will be aimed at Kohoutek in an attempt to bounce radar signals off the comet's nucleus (those echoes may tell scientists more about the size and character of the nucleus). M.I.T.'s Haystack Radio Observatory will try a similar experiment in reverse; it will study radio waves from a far-off radio source (possibly a quasar) after they pass through the comet's tail, in hopes of finding the spectral "signatures" of water or ammonia. If they succeed, the M.I.T. astronomers will have gone a long way toward confirming Whipple's icy-snowball theory.

Much work will be conducted under the aegis of NASA's Operation Kohoutek, directed by Astronomer Stephen P. Maran. Involving hundreds of scientists and millions of dollars in hardware, the observations will be largely made from above the atmosphere, which blocks out the ultraviolet and infra-red frequencies useful in gathering data about the comet's composition and structure. At least five sounding rockets and two balloons will be launched to view Kohoutek. The comet will also be chased by two high-flying, instrument-crammed jets. Other information will be gathered by Copernicus, NASA's orbiting astronomical observatory, and OSO-7 (for Orbiting Solar Observatory). The Venus- and Mercury-bound Mariner 10 may be used to take high-resolution TV pictures of the comet, while either Pioneer 6 or Pioneer 8, both of which are orbiting the sun, try to determine the density of the comet's tail by probing it with radio signals.

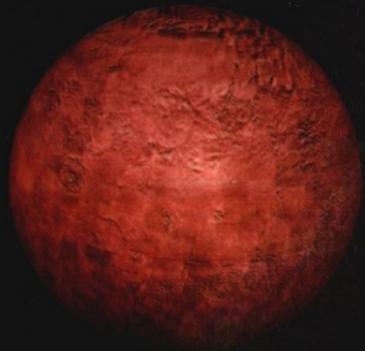
Scorched Planet. Kohoutek's arrival comes at a remarkable stage in man's exploration of the solar system. Scientists are still sifting through the mass of lunar measurements, pictures and rocks brought back to earth by the Apollo astronauts. From the data gathered by Russia's Venera 7 and 8 landers, America's Mariner 2 and 5 flybys, and radar observations by the Mojave telescope, astronomers can now describe in some detail the hellish surface temperature (900°F.), cratered topography and atmospheric conditions of cloud-shrouded Venus. Using the startlingly good pictures transmitted by Mariner 9, scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena have just completed a huge model of Mars that shows craters, plains and valleys more clearly than lunar features can be seen through earthbound telescopes.

Last week four unmanned Soviet spacecraft were about halfway along on a journey to Mars. When they arrive in February and March, two of the ships are expected to make soft landings while





Closeup view of Jupiter from Pioneer 10



Mars globe constructed from Mariner 9 photos

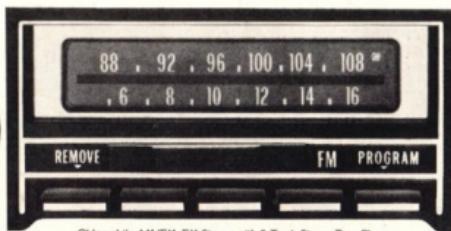
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the other two remain in orbit around the Red Planet. Meanwhile, the U.S.'s Mariner 10 spacecraft was well on its way to Venus on the initial lap of the first two-planet, photo-reconnaissance flight. After Mariner has swept by Venus in February, using the braking force of that planet's gravity to change course, it will pass next March within 621 miles of Mercury, the tiny, scorched planet closest to the sun.

Still another solar-system explorer, Pioneer 10, last week briefly eclipsed even the growing excitement over Comet Kohoutek. Completing a 21-month voyage across the bleak, cold reaches of more than half a billion miles of space, the 570-lb. robot gave man his first close-up look at the giant planet Jupiter. After penetrating intense radiation belts that pack radiation dosages at least 1,000 times the level regarded as lethal for humans, Pioneer passed just 81,000 miles

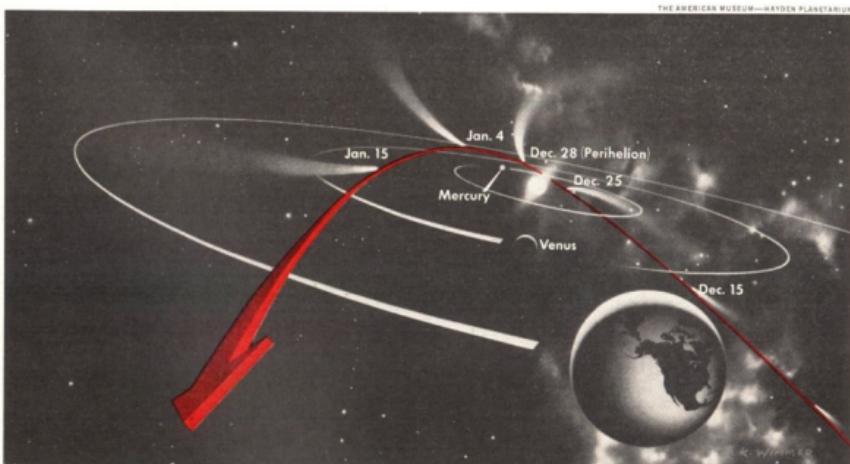
one's success clears the way for a twin, Pioneer 11, already en route to Jupiter and then possibly to Saturn.

The flood of data from Pioneer 10's different instruments will require weeks and even months of detailed analysis, but project scientists last week had already made some preliminary conclusions. For one thing, Jupiter's magnetic field—only about ten times stronger than the earth's—follows what the scientists variously dubbed a "Saturn ring" and "Hula-Hoop" model; that is, the lines of magnetic force seem to stretch outward near the equator but are more rounded at the poles. The average temperature of Jupiter's cloud tops is somewhat above 200°F. with no apparent variations on the day and night sides; this fact tends to confirm the widely accepted idea that Jupiter—which is so large that it barely missed generating its own nuclear fires and becoming a star

ing that the fuzzy blob was getting bigger all the time. In the weeks ahead, the Skylab crew will keep Kohoutek under virtually constant watch in order to spot any structural changes in the comet as quickly as possible. The astronauts will also lug some of their cameras outside to get the best possible pictures during three space walks—on Christmas Day just before the comet ducks behind the sun, on Dec. 29 after it reappears, and again just before the end of the mission in February.

Bit of Luck. Skylab's presence in orbit during the comet's passage is an incredible bit of luck. If the comet had arrived a month or so later, or Skylab had been launched only slightly earlier, the space station would not have been available for the important observations. Says Astronaut-Scientist Karl Henize: "All through the space program, we've been looking for a Rosetta stone—what

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM—HAYDEN PLANETARIUM



above the multicolored Jovian cloud tops, took color pictures, gathered other data and then was hurled by the enormous gravitational pull of the sun's largest planet onto a course that will eventually carry it out of the solar system, toward the stars—the first object from earth ever to embark on such a cosmic odyssey.

Hula-Hoop. "An engineer's dream come true," exulted NASA Boss James Fletcher. He had every reason to be proud. Pioneer had not only survived its encounter with electron intensities 1,000,000 times greater than those in the earth's own radiation belts but continued to radio back data after the historic encounter. Indeed, if Pioneer's tiny nuclear power packs and instruments keep functioning, the spacecraft's signals may well be received on earth until it reaches the orbit of the planet Uranus about 14 years from now. What is more, Pi-

—is giving off some internal heat. There was also additional proof of Jupiter's powerful gravity. During the brief fly-by, Pioneer was suddenly hit by ten tiny meteoroids, after a rate of only one hit every 25 days during its journey; this indicated that the Jovian gravitational field scoops up and concentrates the particles as the planet whirls round the sun.

To the chagrin of Pioneer's photographic team, there was a loss of several close-up pictures, including one of the Jovian moon Io, an object of particular interest to astronomers because of its extraordinary brilliance. But other data and the color shots of Jupiter, including a closeup of the Red Spot during the flyby, fully met expectations.

After the Jupiter flyby, astronomers—including the Skylab astronauts—turned their attention back to Kohoutek. "She's still coming at us," reported Skylab Commander Gerald Carr, not-

is the primordial material out of which the solar system is made? We looked for it on the moon and we didn't find it; we found other things instead. Now we're down to our last chance—the comets. It's something of a miracle that we have Skylab up there just when a bright comet like Kohoutek comes along."

Even more of a miracle, perhaps, is the comet itself. At a moment in history when mankind seems more inclined to look inward at parochial problems, Kohoutek is a reminder of great events—and even greater mysteries—far beyond earth. How was our solar system formed? What changes will occur in the next several billion years—before the sun's nuclear fires go out? How did life begin? The comet Kohoutek may well offer clues, if not answers to some or all of these questions. If it does, it will prove that it is indeed a messenger—of light and knowledge for all mankind.



CAST OF CHARACTERS IN A SCENE FROM DAVID E. FREEMAN'S *CREEPS*

REVIEW BY

THE THEATER

Inside the Spastic Club

CREEPS

by DAVID E. FREEMAN

The four principal characters in *Creeps* are victims of cerebral palsy, as is David E. Freeman, the playwright. The dramatic setting is a men's room outfitted with the shabbiest imaginable toilet facilities, including two mottled urinals. The inmates, for that is how they view themselves, use this room to hide out from the larger premises of what they call "the spastic club."

Its official name is "the Workshop," and it is run by a rather smarmy doctor and a highly officious nurse. The atmosphere is somewhat reminiscent of the mental asylum in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. The men do the simplest kind of make-work. While their presence is voluntary, they are psychically crippled by a desperate need for safety and a deep fear of being objects of ridicule, scorn or pity in the outside world. One man, who wants to be an artist, makes the big break for dignity and freedom. Another, who wants to write, cannot summon up that last demanding ounce of courage. That is about all there is to the plot, and it is not really enough.

However, as a documentary slice of life about a condition and a place that physically unhandicapped people dread even to think about, the play is powerful, harrowing, grimly humorous and altogether absorbing. The cast, in its superbly graphic work, leaves nothing to be imagined or desired. One cannot guess from a work as distinctly personal as *Creeps* what David Freeman's precise future as a dramatist will be. But in this stubbornly resilient play, he holds up a mirror to the grievously wounded lot of some of our fellow humans and asks us to have the moral courage to face them as they are. ■ T.E. Kalem

L'Amour, the Merrier

CHEMIN DE FER

by GEORGES FEYDEAU

The sex farce is not customarily regarded as a genre that falls within the province of dramatic genius. Yet the inspired lunacy of France's Georges Feydeau merits no lesser accolade. Some critics maintain that he wrote the same play 39 times in 35 years (1881-1916). That is only half-true. Feydeau's plots are like the Minotaur's labyrinth, except that they are apocryphally funny. One is led on and on with a zany Cartesian logic, but one can never retrace one's steps and relate the story coherently.

An unaccustomed Feydeau touch in *Chemin de Fer*, which has been stylishly revived by Manhattan's New Phoenix Repertory Company, is that it is sexier than most of his other farces. Here, the adulterers actually do commit adultery as well as catapult through the wrong doors at the wrong times. The chase is carnal and frantic, and the tone is leeringly Marxian (Groucho Dept.). Rachel Roberts is having her first affair, and John McMartin is the madman in her life. As Bea Lillie once said, it's a case of "*L'Amour, the merrier.*"

Feydeau was never restrained by the polite inhibition that one cannot kid the tonsils off a person who stutters, and his plays abound in incidental characters whom nature has shortchanged. He was a quintessential absurdist. With deadpan verbal incongruity a character may say, "Just because my life is ruined doesn't mean I can't act like a gentleman. After all, life isn't everything."

In this production a special bow should go to Director Stephen Porter, who keeps the pace as antic as a berserk windup toy. Should you care to get intoxicated on laughter, *Chemin de Fer* is a madcap nightcap of a show. ■ T.E.K.



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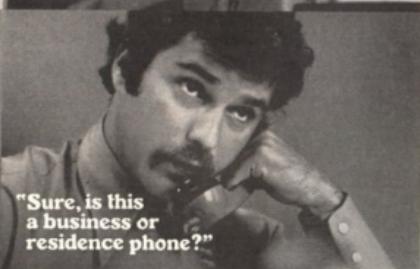
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LABOR

Battling Bias in Steel

On the surface, the news seems to reflect a rare example of idealism: in quiet meetings with Government officials, leaders of the steel industry and the United Steelworkers of America are working out an agreement to change rigid promotion rules that have tended to keep blacks in the most menial and lowest-paying jobs in the mills. The pact would be the first such plan put forward voluntarily by a major industry. In another sense, though, the move appears to be considerably less than an exercise in altruism. Executives and union leaders seem to be trying to do the minimum the law requires in order to es-

cape shelling out huge sums in back pay to blacks who have been kept from advancement in the past.

At stake are the strict "lines of promotion" seniority rules that have traditionally been part of steel labor contracts. Under these complex schemes, each employee learns to perform the job ranking immediately above his own. When an opening for a higher job occurs, workers can "bid" for it on the basis of their length of service in the unit. But these rules apply only within narrowly defined groups of jobs, or "lines," and seniority is not transferable from one line to another. Thus if a black with long years of service reaches the top of, say, a blast furnace line, he can go no higher unless he transfers to, perhaps, the rolling-mill section—and then he must start at the bottom of that line, often behind workers who have been employed at the plant for a shorter period; in many cases he loses part of his paycheck as well. Although the same rules apply to whites, blacks contend that the burden has fallen unfairly on them because racist hiring practices have lumped them in the industry's dirtiest, hottest jobs, from which the promotion lines go only a short way up.

Blacks have been protesting these rules for more than 20 years. In 1966 black workers at U.S. Steel's massive mill operations near Birmingham, Ala., took the company and several union locals to court. This past August, Federal Judge Sam C. Pointer Jr. ordered U.S. Steel and three union locals to pay \$200,000 to 61 black workers who, he figured, might have earned that much if a

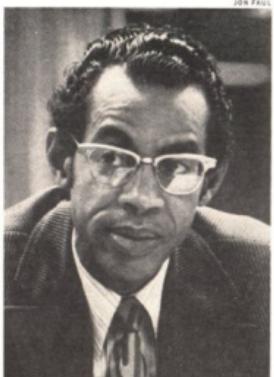
fair promotion system had been in effect. If the ruling were applied as a precedent throughout the industry, the companies and the Steelworkers might be forced to disburse many millions of dollars in back pay to nonwhites.

Earlier this year, company and union leaders approached Treasury Secretary George Shultz, who is well known to them as a former arbitrator, to enlist his help in drafting a plan. Shultz put them in touch with officials of the Department of Justice, and a series of unpublicized meetings began. The plan that is emerging would not only make seniority transferable from one line of promotion to another but would also set up timetables for hiring and promoting specific numbers of nonwhite workers. It would also establish a system known as "redcircling" to ensure that no black worker who transferred into a predominantly white division would have to take a cut in pay.

Back Pay. Though that would seem to be a significant if long-delayed victory for civil rights advocates, they are not satisfied. Union officials claim that they consulted black workers in drawing up the plan, but no blacks are on the team negotiating with the Government. Moreover, the negotiators originally attempted to exclude from their deliberations William Brown III, aggressive chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Brown, the Government's chief anti-job discrimination official, has been particularly tough on the issue of back pay. Last winter the EEOC wrung an agreement from A T & T under which the company will shell out some \$15 million to female and minority employees who, it contended, had been illegally confined to low-paying jobs that offered little opportunity for advancement.

When Brown learned of the steel-industry talks, he demanded that he be allowed to participate. He then began to insist that the industry and union award up to \$45 million in back pay to aggrieved black workers. He has even warned that if the Labor and Justice departments approve an agreement that is unacceptable to the EEOC, the commission might go to court in an attempt to overturn it.

Brown's stand appears to have stalled the negotiations. His tenure as chairman of the EEOC expired five months ago, and President Nixon has nominated John H. Powell Jr., whom some civil rights leaders believe to be less adamant on back pay than Brown, to take his place. The steel men and union leaders may well be trying to stretch out the talks until Brown leaves office. But there is no way for them to escape the back-pay problem. Even if the pact is ratified, there is nothing to keep black workers from bringing suit on their own at a later date.



EEOC CHAIRMAN WILLIAM BROWN



JACK CONN

From Calcutta ...
**Report on
 Elizabeth
 Dass...**



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
 CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~XX~~ WITH
 DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS
 OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH
 AND STRENGTH ~~IS~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENTS/CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF
 RAB SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH
 FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTER (NOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. ROOM IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH, BREAKFAST IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
 LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
 (ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING. IF SHE IS NOT MOVED FROM ~~IN~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS, HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND MEETS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER DAUGHTER'S DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home, and when this picture was taken, she was already doing better. Her legs were stronger . . . she was running with the other children, learning to write her own name.

Every day desperate reports like this reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreakin decision—which child can we help?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the Project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala.

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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a boy girl in

(Country) _____

Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____ Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

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INVESTMENT

Canadian Lib

Canada has been a nation for 106 years, but many Canadians feel that it has only recently begun to develop a national character; the country's psyche has been shaped first by the French and British, and lately by the Americans, especially those in business north of the border. Non-Canadian interests (mostly U.S., some British) control a third of the country's business activity and 60% of its manufacturing. Americans own 95% of the oil industry and all of the auto plants. Now legislators have decided that it is time for some economic consciousness raising, and have written the nation's first Foreign Investment Control Act. It is expected to clear the Canadian Senate and become law this week. After the act sailed smoothly through the House of Commons without a dissenting vote in late November, Alastair Gillespie, Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce, grinned: "Now we're going to be more than a mere appendage of foreign corporate giants south of the border."

Tough Bargaining. The act in effect gives the government veto power over efforts by foreign firms to start new businesses in Canada, expand present operations into new fields (as opposed to simply increasing capacity), or take over any Canadian company that does more than \$3,000,000 a year in business. Plans for any such moves will have to be submitted to a screening agency, which will make a preliminary decision as to whether the proposals promise "significant benefit to Canada"; final approval, however, can come only from the Canadian cabinet. "Foreign firms" are defined as those in which non-Canadians hold 25% or more of the voting stock, those in which a single foreigner holds 5% or more of the voting stock, or those whose directors or managers are more than 20% non-Canadian.

The law will force American companies into hard-nosed bargaining with the Canadian government. In order to get their plans approved, for example, American companies may have to set up research and development facilities north of the border (Canadians have long been especially irritated by the fact that most R. and D. for the country's industry is done in the U.S.).

Canada is most unlikely to close off investment opportunities altogether. Its citizens recognize that they owe much of their high standard of living—second only to the U.S.—to the expansion of industry that has been made possible by foreign capital. Indeed, the country urgently needs more foreign investment to create jobs for its growing work force; the Canadian gross national product is rising 7% this year, but the unemployment rate is 6%. The new law is designed not to keep out foreign capital but to make sure that it comes in on Canada's terms.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

EYECATCHERS

The Non-Hatchet Man

When asked what his chief contribution to J. Walter Thompson has been, the new president of the world's biggest advertising agency (expected 1973 billings: \$800 million) gets right to the point. "I am not a hatchet man," says Edward ("Ted") Wilson, 53, who got the job last week, "but I have done more cleaning out of this place [before becoming president] than any of the past presidents." He is not exaggerating: the staff in Thompson's U.S. offices has been pared from a top-heavy 2,458 in January 1972 to 2,185 in September this year, and Wilson was largely responsible.

Now Wilson becomes chief operating officer, succeeding Henry Schachte, who reached the mandatory retirement age of 60. Wilson, who was born in New York City, joined Thompson at 26 as a mail clerk determined to get into advertising. He grabbed the first account-executive job offered and stuck to that side of the business, becoming a vice president in 1956 and a senior vice president in 1964. A towering 6 ft. 4 in., he

strides through the agency halls at a lope, dropping in on creative and account people; he would rather see them in their offices than summon them to his.

Wilson and former Radio Announcer Dan Seymour, who continues as chairman and chief executive, face a tough job. During 1971 and 1972, Thompson lost accounts representing about \$54 million in annual billings, including L. & M. cigarettes, Firestone tires and Ford's small cars. This year the company has picked up 33 new accounts, but none are as large as the giants that got away, and much of the comeback burden may fall on Wilson's shoulders. With Seymour, 59, due for mandatory retirement next year, Wilson is in line for the top spot.

Youth Will Be Served

In a country where age has traditionally been an important criterion for industrial command, Honda Motor Co. was long conspicuous for the youth of its leadership: Soichiro Honda founded the company in 1948 when he was only 42. Now, having built it into a colossus with sales of \$1.2 billion a year, he is returning the company to the junior side of the generation gap by retiring at 67 and turning over the reins to Kiyoshi Kawashima, 45,

a quiet, self-deprecating engineer who at 45 is at least 15 years younger than most Japanese chief executives.

The choice was almost inevitable: Kawashima personifies the company almost as much as Honda. Indeed, as a new graduate of a technical high school, he joined Honda the entrepreneur a year before Honda the company was formed. From the start, Kawashima designed motorcycles. In 1959 he was put in charge of Honda's first entries in Grand Prix motorcycle races; the firm picked up the team prize. In 1971 he supervised development of a clean, efficient "stratified charge" auto engine that recently passed U.S. Environmental Protection Agency antipollution tests with flying colors. He will have to draw on all his talents to keep Honda growing now, and he knows it. Though ultimately optimistic, he believes that the oil shortage will push Japan—and Honda—into a full-fledged recession next year.

The Big Burger Boss

"I'm not throwing in the towel," protested Raymond Kroc, 71, the franchise mastermind who created the McDonald's hamburger empire. "But Fred," he added, "is like a son who grows up and is ready to take over." His reference was to Frederick Turner, 40, who last week was named chief executive of McDonald's, succeeding Kroc, who remains chairman.

Turner, a sandy-haired Iowan, started out in 1956 as a short-order cook, frying burgers at Ray Kroc's first McDonald's restaurant outside Chicago. Kroc then tapped him to keep an eye on new restaurants; he rose so rapidly that he never had time to claim the McDonald's franchise Kroc had promised him. As president since 1968, Turner has been in charge of day-to-day operations. Now he will take over some of Kroc's policy-planning role too.

Turner assumes command at a time of skepticism about McDonald's chances for continuing its phenomenal growth. The price of the stock has fallen from 76% in late February to 44% recently, because of fears that driving curbs will bite deeply into the chain's business. Turner, however, notes that McDonald's has lately been building more restaurants in "walking" neighborhoods, especially in cities. His first announcement as chief executive was that McDonald's next year will build even more new restaurants than the record 420 it is opening in 1973, and by week's end the company's stock had recovered 9% points, closing at 53%.



WILSON



KAWASHIMA



KAWASHIMA

Only Christmas is Christmas. Only V.O. is V.O.

A collage of Christmas scenes featuring a Seagram's V.O. bottle, a snowman, a gingerbread house, and various winter landscapes.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY

SEAGRAM & SONS LTD.
100% CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES SIX YEARS OLD.
66.8 PROOF
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED

GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

Seagram's V.O. The First Canadian.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, SIX YEARS OLD, 66.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

If your car isn't popular new, it certainly won't be popular used.

1974 Impala You know the story. If a car is worth something to you when you buy it, it's worth something to someone else when you sell it.

It's perhaps especially true with the Chevrolet Impala.

Traditionally, the Impala has been a remarkable value; so much so, that more than 10 million of them have been sold since its introduction in 1958. (If you had to pick out one car to typify America's love for the automobile, this would have to be it. Impala is the car most Americans love most.)

This year is no exception. With improvements all around, from the new front disc brake wear sensors, to the improved bumper system, to the new cut-pile carpeting,

to the impos-



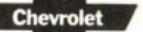
*Impala's forerunner, the '57 Bel Air:
One of the hottest used cars ever.*

ing new grille, to the availability of steel-belted radial tires, we think you'll find this year's Impala our finest ever.

And traditionally, Impala has been worth more at trade-in time. In fact, for the past 16 years, Impala has consistently had higher resale value than its nearest competitor.

So look at it this way. If a car hasn't got it new, it won't have it old.

Impala. It's still the great American value.



Building a better way to see the U.S.A.



The Impala Custom Coupe (also available as Sport Coupe, 4-door Sport Sedan, 4-door Pillared Sedan).



HIMALAYAN VISTA



FREDERIC REMINGTON COWBOY



DONATELLO'S ST. GEORGE

BOOKS

Christmas: From Snowy Peaks to Sizzling Serves

\$32.50 AND UP

HIMALAYAS by Yoshikazu Shirakawa. Unpaged. Abrams. \$75. As practically every climber knows, photographs tend to increase the distance between man and mountain. Even the most spectacular peak can be reduced by the camera to an unimpressive white triangle. The pictures of Japanese photographer Yoshikazu Shirakawa are a dramatic exception to this rule. Shirakawa actually climbed only a few of the pinnacles he photographed. (For others he pressed a helicopter into high-altitude service.) But his massive, magnificently reproduced study of the world's largest and highest mountains represents a photographic summit: *Himalayas* is simply the most beautiful book on mountains ever published.

DONATELLO text by Frederick Hartt, photographs by David Finn. 482 pages. Abrams. \$75. This vast volume, which swings erratically between the largely splendiferous and the merely showy, illustrates all of the great Renaissance artist's known work. It is organized in sections devoted to each work, or group of figures. Photographs showing freestanding sculptures from different angles and various details of reliefs are often orchestrated to produce an almost cinematic sequence. The method works best on Donatello's highly dramatic, mature statuary: the famous *Gattamelata* equestrian figure, the chilling *Judith and Holofernes* and two works—*St. John the Baptist* in Venice and *Mary Magdalene*—which are Donatello's outcry against the diminishments of old age. In the case of more serene and introspective work, the Florentine *St. Louis of Toulouse*, like the overlit color photographs with their

burnished gold and blue highlights look perilously like inspirational holy pictures handed out in Sunday school.

LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS edited by Curtis O. Baer. 360 pages. Abrams. \$35. There are not many good books on landscape, but this is one of them. Art Historian Baer begins with an essay that covers a great deal of historic and pictorial ground but also manages to be what art history and criticism rarely are: wise, informative, graceful and affectionate. His captions are wide-roving and perceptive. The 160 expected and unexpected landscapes presented (most in black and white, but a few in color) offer an informal history of the genre that is hard to match, from De Vinci to Van Gogh and beyond, from Pieter Bruegel and Jan van Goyen to Bonington and Ingres. Landscape, popular from the 16th to the 19th centuries, is now sadly out of fashion. Some people still love it—for drawing or looking—and this is their year.

GRANDMA MOSES by Otto Kallir. 357 pages. Abrams. \$32.50. She began at the top with the sky, then painted in the distant purple hills and the far fields in green and brown. Then came the house and farm buildings with their big shade trees. Finally she put in the animals—mainly dogs and workhorses—and people. If the picture showed a sunny winter day, she finished off her creation by throwing a little 5-and-10¢-store glitter over the lot. In the 1940s after Anna Mary Robertson Moses became Grandma Moses, a famous primitive painter, she stuck serenely to her vision: the world she knew in Washington County, N.Y., after the Civil War. If that rural life is one that relatively few Americans

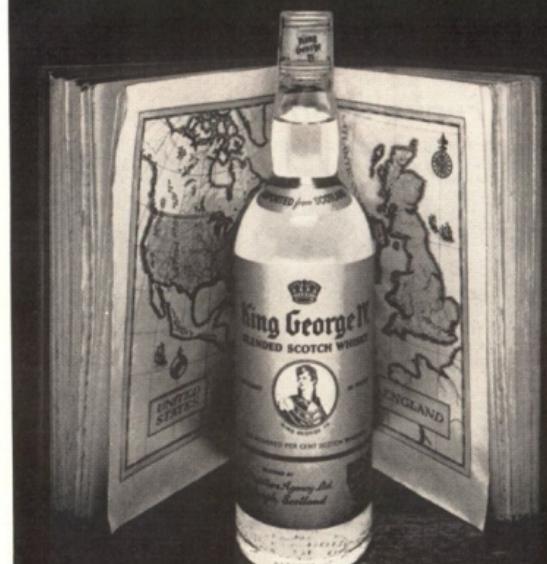
have actually shared, it is also one adopted by the whole country as a myth of the past. The chief value of this book lies in the 135 faithful color illustrations. Otto Kallir, the artist's dealer, has written an unpretentious text.

\$19.95 TO \$30

FREDERIC REMINGTON by Peter H. Hassrick. Abrams. \$28.50. Remington first saw the West when he was 19: "I knew," he wrote, "that the wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever." The rest of his life (he died at 48) was devoted to getting it all down. This volume, assembled from the Remington collection in the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth and the neighboring collection still privately held by the Sid W. Richardson Foundation, has many a foldout page in full color, accompanied by a readable biography of the artist. It is not the "compleat" Remington, but it is handsomely, even lovingly done. The glosses on each picture provide sensible explications and insights about the dilemma of the cowboy's life and the dour deprivations of a cavalry troop on patrol. Overall a nostalgic but realistic backward look at the old West as it began to fade into myth.

MAYFIELD PARRISH by Coy Ludwig. 223 pages. Watson-Guptill. \$25. Mayfield Parrish (1870-1966) painted and illustrated as if the world had been created by some great big magic realist in the sky. Partly as a result he became the most successful popular artist of the early 20th century and—by the time of his death at age 95—the most forgotten. Generations have grown up with Parrish's glossy magazine covers, calendars and chocolate boxes. His sweet symmetrical, jolly palette, coy eroticism and tech-

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MAXFIELD PARRISH COVER GIRL
Sweet symmetry, coy eroticism.

nical expertise are not to be snobbishly dismissed, as this collection of pictures (64 in color) and Author Ludwig's biography make nostalgically clear. For those who prefer more pictures and fewer words, there is *Maxfield Parrish: The Early Years 1893-1930* (350 pages; Nash; \$50). Of the 250 full-page reproductions, 200 are in color.

FRANCIS LEE JAQUES: ARTIST OF THE WILDERNESS WORLD *Doubleday*. 370 pages. \$25. Millions of visitors to New York's American Museum of Natural History have been spellbound by its dioramas, those three-dimensional displays of stuffed animals and birds set in meticulous reconstructions of their natural habitats. Many of the backgrounds—vistas of veldt and forest clearings—were painted by Francis Lee Jaques, the Illinois-born ornithologist and nature artist. Jaques, who died in 1969, at the age of 81, was also well known for his oil paintings and stark black-and-white drawings of wild life, and he cheerfully withstood Arctic cold and tropical heat to bring back such quarry on paper. To accompany many pictures (including 65 bird and animal paintings in color) Florence Page Jaques, the artist's wife, provides a fond account of her husband's enduring passion for the out-of-doors.

AMERICAN MASTERS: THE VOICE AND THE MYTH by Brian O'Doherty. 288 pages. *Random House*. \$25. "Between an artist and his work on the one hand, and the audience on the other," notes Critic Brian O'Doherty, "there are large areas for misunderstanding." O'Doherty, who paints (under the name Patrick Ireland) and also teaches (at Barnard), attempts to correct any such misunderstandings about eight American artists: Edward Hopper, Stuart Davis, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Mark Rothko, Robert Rauschenberg, Andrew Wyeth and Joseph Cornell. Despite the use of a good deal of jargon, O'Doherty is remarkably successful. His interviews and commentary, for example, throw a wel-



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This \$32 million plant will convert 1200 tons of solid waste a day into energy that will be used by the General Electric Company's Lynn River Works. The energy value of the garbage burned per day is equivalent to 73,000 gallons of low sulfur fuel oil. In addition, the plant will provide the surrounding communities with a permanent solution to their garbage disposal problems.

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Talk to The Realists.

The Realists:



Wheelabrator-Frye Inc.

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come personal light on Hopper's laconic pessimism and Davis' exuberant jazz-age Cubism. Convincingly, O'Doherty sees Pollock's drip paintings as a very American frontier quest for raw sensation—a kind of painter's version of the Great American Novel.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN PAINTING edited by John Wilmerding. 352 pages. Morrow. \$24.95. An ambitious attempt to survey and characterize American painting from colonial times to the present. The book is useful in that it handsomely gathers a vast amount of information as well as some 330 well-chosen illustrations. But of the six essays that make up the text, only those by Dartmouth Art Professor John Wilmerding and Dore Ashton are really good. The others range from the merely competent to the opaque. Another complaint: several abstract paintings are reproduced standing on their left sides—without indicating this curious fact to the reader.

VINCE LOMBARDI ON FOOTBALL edited by George L. Flynn. Two volumes, 448 pages. New York Graphic and Wallynn. \$19.95. Vince Lombardi's editor George L. Flynn could have tacked Lombardi's name onto a posthumous packet of old ticket stubs and made money. Instead, to his credit, Flynn has painstakingly gathered together Lombardi's notes about how to play football and organized them in a remarkable book, faithful to the simple and relentless Lombardi vision of the game. Flynn's presentation is very technical—and properly sweaty. The text is a filigree of football diagrams and terminology not intended for the casual armchair aficionado. But for anyone who is familiar with the intricate levels of the professional game and likes to see it described, the book can offer an approximation of what it might have been like to spend a week learning football from the master himself. For the dedicated fan, player or even coach, this is the gospel according to Vince.

\$15 TO \$17.50

THE DICTIONARY OF STAMPS IN COLOR by James A. Mackay. 296 pages. Macmillan. \$17.50. The rich vagaries of stamp collecting go on and on as prices rise and the hobby cum investment spreads. In 1970, \$280,000 was paid for a One-Cent Black on Magenta of British Guiana 1856: "a square inch of paper, with dog-eared corners, a smudgy post mark and a badly rubbed surface." Author Mackay is the former keeper of stamps at the British Museum. He has produced a remarkably documented thumbnail history of some 3,000 stamps dating from 1840 to the present, with slightly enlarged color illustrations of all 3,000.

WINDJAMMER PARADE edited by Hans Hansen. 112 pages. Viking. \$16.50. There is only a scrap of text to explain that in the Olympic year of 1972 some 65 of the world's largest windjammers closed a series of races by parading into



STATELY WINDJAMMER UNDER SAIL

the harbor of Kiel, West Germany. The book ends with a catalogue of boats that took part—square-riggers with skyscrapers of sail, brigantines, Dutch gaff cutters, topsail schooners. In between there is nothing but glorious pictures of tall ships, webbed traceries of cordage, acre upon acre of canvas, panoramas showing the vast fleet dotting troubled waters, symmetrical silhouettes of crews aloft on yardarms, looking like Chinese gymnasts, bringing in sail. The same great ships appear again and again, but no matter—in this case familiarity breeds content. For sailors this is the non-book of the year.

FASANELLA'S CITY text by Patrick Watson. 148 pages. Knopf. \$15. Ralph Fasanella's city is New York. As a young man he was a CIO organizer among electrical workers; now he pumps gas at his brother-in-law's station under the Cross Bronx Expressway. And he paints—vast crowded canvases filled with 40-year-old billboards, saloons, cigar stores, subway entrances. It is easy to label him an urban Grandma Moses, but Fasanella's paintings are crammed with emotions that range from sentimentality to outrage at the assassination of President Kennedy. His strongest qualities as an artist are energy and a prodigal memory. One need not have known New York in the 1930s to feel nostalgic when looking at this book. Fasanella is 59, and much of his world has already disappeared without trace.

LOOKING AT PHOTOGRAPHS by John Szarkowski. 215 pages. Museum of Modern Art. \$15. One hundred representative black-and-white pictures from New York's Museum of Modern Art assembled and commented on by the director of the museum's photography department. There is, naturally, a wide choice of subject. The pictures were taken over a period extending roughly from 1850 to the present; the photographers include the likes of Pioneer Julia Margaret Cameron, Dorothea Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassai, Robert Doisneau, Ansel Adams, Richard Avedon. Szarkowski's picture-by-picture text ranges from brilliant and supple observations to what can fairly be described as academic

twaddle. People who take photography seriously will want the book because, even at his worst, Szarkowski takes photography very seriously indeed.

\$14.95 AND UNDER

TENNIS: GAME OF MOTION by Eugene Scott. 256 pages. Crown. \$14.95. Anyone suffering from tennis toe or tennis elbow should not buy this book. Even a swift shuffle through it will make them want to grab the nearest racket and rush to the court. It is the pictures that do it. Whether they show Rod Laver smashing a serve, Stan Smith straining for a backhand drive, or Billie Jean King pulverizing a forehand volley, the photographs communicate the power, grace and sheer ferocity of top-level tennis, in kinetic color and black and white. The supporting text is heavy with clichés (legends are always "untarnished") as it sketchily covers the history, the famous matches and shotmakers of the game. No matter. Most tennis fans are used to the vagaries of mixed doubles.

OWLS OF THE WORLD edited by John A. Burton. 216 pages. Dutton. \$14.95. Probably because their faces seem human and often take on a scholarly look of myopic wisdom, owls have enjoyed a formidable mythological reputation. Not that the more than 130 species distributed throughout the world are aware of it. As Editor Burton establishes in this remarkably illustrated survey, owls are not philosophers but predators, perfectly equipped for their occupation. They have front-set eyes that give them exceptional binocular vision. Their heads rotate 270 degrees. Their hearing is extremely acute, partially because on most nocturnal species saucer-shaped disks of feathers around their eyes also gather sound. Owl plumage is soft, which also helps: it enables them to fly silently toward their prey. The perfect Christmas gift for those who give a hoot.

LOST DISCOVERIES by Colin Ronan. 125 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$10.95. Lively, lucid and well illustrated, this book describes scientific discoveries made by ancient civilizations that were later tem-



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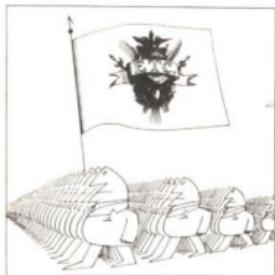


Calgary Convention Centre

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porarily "lost"—from neglect, or simply because they were too far ahead of their time. The list is impressive and long. Some 4,300 years ago, the Akkadians from Mesopotamia built bathrooms with elaborate sewers, for example, and the Egyptians developed an effective contraceptive jelly. Atomic theory was postulated in classical Greece; a Chinese sage invented the seismograph in A.D. 200. Obviously, writes Author Ronan, ancient man was "neither more foolish nor more intelligent than we are." Just more forgetful—perhaps.

THE INSPECTOR by Saul Steinberg. *Unpaged. Viking. \$10.* Something less than a genius who doodles but something more than a doodler of genius, Steinberg goes on defying categories, preconceptions and occasionally—perspective. In this, his sixth book of drawings in three decades, hints of satire



STEINBERG MARCHERS

More than a doodler of genius?

flicker over images of parades, masks, street corners and architecture. Is Steinberg making some point about bureaucratic conformity, say, or cultural cacophony? Perhaps. But too much interpretation spoils the fun. What interpretation is needed, anyway, of an artist who can symbolize what a dog thinks and render a woman's conversation as a series of dental charts?

THE CRAFT OF SAIL by Jan Adkins. 64 pages. *Walker. \$5.95.* A few years back, Jan Adkins drew and wrote a book called *The Art and Industry of Sandcastles*, which cleverly combined designs for toddlers on the beach with a short history of fortification for older brothers and parents. This time, with pen, ink and wash pictures and accompanying text, he has produced a handsome small primer on sailing that is also a model of brevity, clarity and simplicity. Starting with the Bernoulli effect (which explains how sailboats move to windward), the book ends with anchoring, having passed through everything from knots to points of sail, from rigging to docking, from man-overboard drills to the rough-weather practice of heaving to. On small craftsmanship and sheer draftsmanship Adkins is hard to beat.



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